MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS
FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL YEAR

JAY S. STOWELL

This book is a gift
from the
library of

Brigadier
Ruth
Lewis.

for the use of Officer-Cadets
at
THE SALVATION ARMY
SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS

REV. JAY S. STOWELL, M.A.

MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS

BY

REV. JAY S. STOWELL, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL YEAR," "THE CHILD AND AMERICA'S FUTURE," ETC.

268.7
STO
JUNIOR CHURCH
WORSHIP - JUN. PRO
1928
217p.

36065700253405

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
1928

COPYRIGHT, 1924,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO THOSE MEN AND WOMEN IN
LOCAL CHURCHES WHO ARE STRIVING
TO TRAIN THE GIRLS AND BOYS OF
AMERICA IN THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIFE

FOREWORD

The cordial reception given by church-school superintendents, department superintendents and pastors to STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL YEAR and requests from users of the material which it contained have led to the preparation of the second volume, entitled, MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS.

In general plan the present volume follows that of the first. The stories are grouped around definite themes for the accomplishment of certain specific purposes. For convenience a month has been devoted to each theme, although, in actual practice, local conditions may make undesirable the rigid application of so arbitrary a method. Five stories have been given for each month, thus allowing some freedom of choice to those who follow the years' plan here suggested.

The material is planned particularly for use with girls and boys from about ten to fourteen years of age, although practically all of it may be used to advantage with older groups, and some of it may, by adaptation on the part of the leader, be used with primary pupils.

The stories, without the programs, are adapted for use as children's sermons by pastors.

The extended discussion of the place of worship in the life of the child and the method of training in worship through the church school and the church service of worship, which is included in STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL YEAR, is not repeated here. Users of this book are referred to the original volume for help at those points.

J. S. S.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I:	OCTOBER	15
	A Boy Who Had the Courage to Keep Clean	15
	A Clean Name	19
	A Clean Body	22
	Clean Dealings	26
	A Clean Sport	29
II:	NOVEMBER	35
	"Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"	35
	Giving Thanks Under Difficulties	37
	The Things Which Others Do Not Have	38
	It's a Pretty Good World After All	40
	Back to the Pilgrims	42
III:	DECEMBER	49
	Giving a Life	50
	Good Will Among Men	52
	The Wonderful Palace	55
	One of These Least	58
	The Gift of Pure Love	60
IV:	JANUARY	65
	What Is Worth While?	65
	The Secret of Happiness	68
	What About the Other Fellow?	71
	A Big Job Ahead	74
	Where Shall We Get the Workers?	76
V:	FEBRUARY	81
	"America the Beautiful"	81
	Growing Up in a Cabin	83

CHAPTER PAGE

A Man Who Did His Work Well 86
A Man Whom Every One Loved 89
A Friend of Children 91

VI: MARCH 97
A Brave Queen 97
How Much Does It Cost to Be a Christian? 100
"Let Us Pray!" 103
Men Who Prayed 105
The Unwise Prayer of a Good Boy . . . 107

VII: APRIL 113
Crowding a Great Work into a Short Life . 113
The Post of Honor 117
He Is Not Dead. He Lives 121
A Trail-Blazer 125
Young and Brave 128

VIII: MAY 135
"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!" 135
"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" . . 137
Laddie 139
"From Greenland's Icy Mountains" . . . 142
"O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee" . . 144

IX: JUNE 149
A Little Girl Grown Up 149
The Small Beginning of a Great Movement 152
He Refused to Give Up 153
Some Remarkable Adventures of a Remarkable Man 155
The Joy of Helping 157

X: JULY 167
A Jewish Youth Discovers America . . . 167
In His Brother's Place 170
A Lad from Italy 172
A Black Boy Builds a Life 175
A Slav in America 178

CHAPTER PAGE

XI: AUGUST 185

The Fastest Bicycle Rider in the World . 185
Getting Rid of the "Ifs" 188
Where Do We Go from Here? 190
A Bad Start 193
We Are Indebted to Him 197

XII: SEPTEMBER 203

An Apostle to the Indians 203
A Martyr in a Good Cause 206
In Spite of Handicaps 208
Pioneering in America 212
A Man Who Lived on the Road 215

CHAPTER I: OCTOBER

The stories of October are designed to make the clean life seem attractive to girls and boys. They deal with clean thinking, a clean reputation, a clean body, clean dealings, and clean sport. It is important that the leader shall have a definite aim before him, as he carries on the month's work. He should definitely expect that, at the end of the month, his young people will have higher ideals for their personal conduct than at its beginning.

MORE STORY-WORSHIP PROGRAMS

CHAPTER I

OCTOBER

October: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

II LEADER: O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised.

III HYMN: "O Worship The King."

IV PRAYER: (*Closing with the Lord's Prayer*)

V HYMN: "For the Beauty of the Earth."

VI STORY:

A BOY WHO HAD THE COURAGE TO KEEP CLEAN

Some one has said that thoughts are about the most sociable things on earth. Start the day with a good

thought and that thought invites in others, and those others still others, until before very long you have a regular reception of good thoughts going on inside. If you start off with a bad thought much the same thing happens, except that the reception turns out to be one of bad thoughts rather than good ones.

Because thoughts are so sociable it is a pretty good plan to keep the bad thoughts out altogether. In order to do that we have to be careful of the kind of things we read and also of the things we listen to. That isn't always so easy because we can't always keep from hearing certain things. I expect we could keep from hearing some things, though, if we just let it be known that we don't want to listen to things that are not pure and clean, and that we don't like to have people around who do not keep their conversation clean.

Today I wish to tell you about a boy who had the courage to keep clean.

Over in England some years ago a banquet was in progress. It was a banquet for boys, and it was being given at one of the world-famous schools for boys. The fellows who "counted" were there, particularly those who had made athletic records or who had taken part in athletic events. Every one was having a good time and things were quite lively, to say the least. The boys were gay, but their fun was clean and wholesome.

The banquet might have gone on as it had begun, had it not been for one boy who arose and began to sing an unclean song.

The boys listened in surprise, but no one said a word for a moment. Then a stalwart fellow shouted, "That's

got to stop. At least, if it doesn't stop, I'm going to leave."

No one else spoke. The song went on, but John Coleridge Patteson left the room.

Ordinarily it might not have been a very serious matter for one person to leave a banquet, but this time the fun of the evening was spoiled.

There were many whisperings, but it was not until the next morning that the real excitement broke. Then there was excitement for John Coleridge Patteson, the best man on the cricket team, had resigned. No one around could play cricket as well as John and the reputation of the school was at stake, but John refused to be connected with an organization which would publicly tolerate things that were unclean.

Anxious hours passed. At last the singer made a public apology. John took his place again on the team, and this time he was more of a hero than ever, for he had shown that he could win moral victories as well as victories on the athletic field.

That story is good enough to stop right there, but there is more to it.

By the time John Coleridge Patteson had gotten through school he had pretty well proved his ability to do hard things and to do them well. His friends, therefore, were not greatly surprised when they learned that he had decided to go as a missionary to the South Sea Islands.

Now the South Sea Islands were far from an ideal spot in those days. Life there involved roughing it in dead earnest, and one couldn't get away just when he wanted to. It was quite different from going camping

for a week or two and then coming back to a comfortable home. There weren't many "modern conveniences" to make life comfortable, and, to add to it all, there was a constant danger that one might pay for his adventuresomeness with his life.

Patteson began by organizing a class of native boys and teaching them. He lived close to the people, and he learned to speak as many as twenty-three native dialects. This enabled him to go from island to island and talk with the people and preach to them. He translated portions of the Bible, and did many things to help make the life of the people better.

The natives came to love Patterson and trust him, but about that time some very dishonorable white men came to the islands and began to capture the natives and take them away to work or to act as slaves. These evil men used Patteson's name, with the result that one day, when he visited an island where he was little known, he was taken and killed. His body was then placed in a boat and the boat was set adrift.

After ten years of consecrated service Patteson gave up his life because of a mistake, caused by the wickedness of some evil-minded white men.

The world remembers John Coleridge Patteson because he was a great and heroic missionary martyr, but we remember him today because as a boy he had the courage to keep clean.

VII HYMN: "We March, We March to Victory."

VIII IN UNISON: Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

October: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Now, In The Days Of Youth."

A CLEAN NAME

One of the most valuable possessions any one can have is a name—by that I mean the right kind of a name, or, more accurately, a name that has had the right kind of care and so has never become dirty or tarnished. The worth of such a name is beyond calculation. Nearly every one has a name of some sort. There is no one so poor, so insignificant, so worthless, as to be without a name—even if his parents do not give him a name he is sure to acquire one in some way, before he has traveled very far along the journey of life.

Names are wonderful things. Their value does not consist in their length, nor is it determined by the letters which are combined to make them up. What gives value to a name is the thing that it stands for. Your name is important because, to every one who knows anything about you, your name means just you.

When I repeat in your hearing the name, George Washington I do not have to undertake a long explanation to make you understand just what I mean. You know what George Washington stands for. The name itself suggests heroic patriotism, great strength, moral courage, simple honesty and other fine qualities. In somewhat the same way the names of Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, and others of equal familiarity stand for very definite things, and those names are a very valuable part of our traditions as a country.

Although names are so valuable they are very easily tarnished and damaged, and, once they have been soiled,

it becomes most difficult to remove the stains. One evil deed will leave so dark a spot on a name that it can hardly be removed. A name is like a white sheet of writing paper just from the mill. Put a large ink spot in the center of such a sheet and the whole thing is pretty nearly ruined. Now there are ways of removing even a bad ink spot, but it is almost impossible to make the sheet of paper ever look quite fresh and new again. That's the way it is with names. It seems rather sad sometimes that names are so easily tarnished and so hard to clean after they have once become soiled. I guess God made things that way so that we would be very careful and always keep them clean.

I once knew a very likeable boy who had many good qualities and a name as good as could be desired. One day, however, that boy fell before temptation and took some money which did not belong to him. The act became known and a big black spot was left on the boy's name. After a while the boy left school and got a job. His employers didn't know about the spot, and he was given a position of responsibility. Then they heard about the spot, and, although they had discovered nothing dishonest, they were forced to change the young man's work to satisfy the people whom they served. Every time the boy tried to advance he found that the spot was in his way. In one moment of weakness he had sold for a few dollars what was worth much more to him than any amount of money—his clean name.

Not long ago the papers told of the death of a prominent man in a local community. He had come there as a stranger and by a worthy life had advanced until he had been elected mayor of the town by his fellow citizens. No one knew that all through the years he had

carried a spot on his name which, with great care, he had kept covered. Finally the spot was revealed and the man was killed by sorrow and shame. That is the trouble with the spots on a person's name; it is almost impossible to make sure that they have been cleaned up. Perhaps if all of us were more kind some of the spots wouldn't stick so long. We could help to make sure that they were forgotten. The only safe way, however, is to keep our names clean from the very first.

George Washington had such a clean name we are told that when flour was shipped from his Mt. Vernon estate it was never inspected. His name was sufficient warrant that any of his products were exactly as he represented them to be.

After the Civil War General Robert E. Lee was offered a salary of $50,000 per year to become the president of a business concern. He declined on the ground that he didn't know anything about the business. "But," said those who had invited him, "you won't have to do anything. All we want is the use of your name."

To this General Lee replied, "If my name is worth $50,000 a year, don't you think that I ought to take very great care of it?"

And so General Lee turned down the $50,000 salary and accepted a position as president of a small college at $1,500 a year that he might teach young men how to live.

Perhaps you have heard the story of that brave Roman general named Regulus, who was captured and taken to Carthage as a prisoner. After a while the people of Carthage wanted to send a message to Rome, and they came to Regulus who had been in prison for five years. Regulus agreed to take the message, and then to return

to prison if he did not succeed in making peace. When he reached Rome he advised against peace and then prepared to return to Carthage. His friends pleaded with him not to return. He silenced these pleadings with the simple statement, "I have given my word. Shall not a Roman keep his word?" He went back to prison and to a terrible death, but he kept his name so well that we remember it with honor many centuries later.

Surely names are very wonderful things, and the best care which we can give them is none too good, for our usefulness in the world will be pretty largely determined by the way we take care of our names.

October: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

A CLEAN BODY

There is a verse in the Bible which says, "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit."

That fact furnishes one good reason why we should take great pains to keep our bodies clean inside and out. Even if that were not true we could find many reasons why a Christian, or any one who wants to make the most of himself, should keep his body just as clean as he knows how, so that he may always be at his best and do his best work in the world. There are many ways in which a person can make his or her body unclean or less useful than it ought to be. I want to talk with you about one of those ways—the use of tobacco.

Now, there are many good people in the world who use tobacco, and I suppose there are worse sins than that. Sooner or later every young person has to decide

whether he can afford to do anything which will make him less than his best. There is a pretty general agreement among scientists, social workers, teachers, employers of labor, police court judges, and many others, that tobacco is a bad thing for young people. It affects the heart; it affects the nerves; it affects the digestion. It makes a poorer student, a worse athlete, and a weaker character.

Judge Lindsay, the famous juvenile judge of Denver, who has known hundreds of boys intimately and who has studied boys for many years, says that smoking is one of the most demoralizing habits in which a young man can engage. He says, "No pure-minded, honest, manly boy will smoke cigarettes." If any one has had a chance to know about this from wide observation it is Judge Lindsay.

Luther Burbank, who, although not gifted with a strong body by nature, has done the work of a hundred men and has made the world a richer and better place by his efforts, refuses to use tobacco. Of cigarettes he says, "The effect of cigarettes on boys is exactly like that of sand in a watch." If any of you have watches and know what delicate instruments they are and how even one grain of sand in the mechanism will put them out of business so that they can no longer be relied upon to do their work well, you have some idea of what Mr. Burbank means. He has done a great deal of very painstaking work in his day, and he knows that a man can do important work well only when he is at his best, and tobacco makes him less than his best.

For many years one of the chief causes of the rejection of young men for the army has been the disorders caused by the use of tobacco. When our young men were called

to the colors in the World War one of the first pamphlets of instructions issued to them contained the suggestion that those who had the smoking habit should cut down on their smoking, as it was bad for the "wind." One of the doctors in the United States Navy who has had much chance for observation says: "Tobacco impairs nutrition of the nerve centers; causes neuralgia, vertigo, and indigestion; irritates the mouth and throat; produces defective vision, tremulous hand, and intermittent pulse; and develops irritability of the heart." Some of our most widely circulated magazines refuse to accept cigarette advertisements.

Sometimes young men get the idea that in order to be popular they must smoke. It may be interesting, therefore, to know the names of some men who do not smoke. Theodore Roosevelt did not smoke because he wanted to be able to do his best work at all times. Woodrow Wilson did not use tobacco; nor does William Howard Taft; nor William J. Bryan; nor Charles E. Hughes. The list might be extended to include many other familiar names. Some time ago information was gathered about a good many men in public life to discover how many of them smoked. It was found that twenty-six United States senators, a number of state governors, and at least one cabinet member never used tobacco. It is said that for fifty years not one tobacco user has stood at the head of his class in Harvard University. It is quite clear that a person does not have to smoke in order to get ahead in the world and have plenty of friends.

There is another side to this tobacco business which we ought to think about even though it may seem to have little to do with keeping our bodies strong and clean. That is the cost of the tobacco habit. It is

quite a question as to whether we can afford tobacco or not when there are so many pressing needs to be met. There are many boys and girls in the United States who do not have decent, clean public schools and whose school teachers are so poorly paid that they are pretty largely untrained for their work, yet we spend as much for cigarettes alone each year as we spend for all our public and private schools, including high schools and including the cost of all new buildings, the heating costs and all other upkeep, as well as teachers' salaries. We spend more for tobacco each year than we have spent on all our colleges put together since America was first settled.

That sounds like a rather expensive habit, doesn't it? But that is only the beginning of the cost. During a recent year we averaged in the United States one fire each minute, and a very large proportion of them was caused by smoking. So serious is the menace that not long ago the Fire Department of New York City sent a huge fire truck through the city with a great sign warning the people of the danger to the community from careless smokers. One of the worst fires which has happened in New York in many years appears to have been started by a cigarette stub. In Jersey City a discarded cigarette started a fire which destroyed a large factory, twenty-nine dwelling houses, a barn and quite a number of freight cars. In Pittsburg a similar cause started a fire which resulted in the loss of thirteen lives in addition to the property destroyed. Recently a movie actress was burned to death through the carelessness of a smoker. When we figure up the total cost of the tobacco habit we must include thousands of such losses as a part of the price.

The young person who wishes to have a clean body and a clear mind and to use his money in those ways which will make the world better has many things to think about before he begins a habit, which is sure to make him less than his best and which will cost him large sums of money as the years pass.

October: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Yield Not To Temptation."

CLEAN DEALINGS

Nearly every one has heard the story of that very strange man, Diogenes, who lived many centuries ago in Corinth. Diogenes was a wise man, but he had many peculiarities. He had an idea that a man did not need very many things to be happy, so instead of living in a house he slept in a barrel which he could roll about from place to place as he desired. He spent his days sitting in the sun, saying wise things to those who were about him. One day, at noon, it is said he was seen walking along the streets with a lantern and looking from side to side. When some one asked him what he was looking for he replied, "I am looking for an honest man."

Diogenes was evidently trying to give the Greeks some idea of how valuable an honest man really is. Since his famous search, and probably before it, the world has steadily been looking for honest men—the folks who can be trusted. They are the people that hold society together. We can't very well get along without them.

Now honest men and women, who deal cleanly with those with whom they have dealings, come from honest boys and girls. An honest boy is pretty apt to grow

into an honest man, and an honest girl into an honest woman. So impressed did one of the great Wall Street concerns become with this fact that they have recently spent one hundred thousand dollars for nothing else but to teach honesty to boys and girls of school age. This concern believes in honesty for its moral value and also as a pure business proposition. They have made quite a study of the kinds of people who can be trusted and those who cannot, and they have analyzed just what a man does when he is dishonest. This they illustrate by the following story:

It seems that a certain young man forged another man's name to a check and succeeded in getting a sum of money on the check. Of course he thought that he would not be detected, but the theft was soon discovered, and the man was arrested and finally sent to jail.

From whom did this man steal?

"From the man whose name he forged," you might say.

That is true, but it doesn't end there. He stole even more from his own family, for he was taken away from them and they were left in poverty. His wife had to work very hard even to get food for the children. Worse than that, the children had to bear the shame of being known as the children of thief. They were robbed of a father's care, and they were denied the chance of a good education, because they had to leave school and go to work before it was completed.

All of that was bad enough, but, as a matter of fact the thief stole more from himself than he did from any one else.

He stole his own liberty. He was a fugitive until he

was caught, and, after his capture, he was actually shut up in prison.

He stole his own opportunity. Some of the best years of his life he spent in prison. When he finally got out he went to a different state, but, even there, he never dared to accept a position involving a bond, as that would have meant that his previous record would have been investigated. Of the years he had spent in jail he was forced always to be silent.

He stole his own confidence in himself. He was always afraid of his reputation, and even his best friends could not trust him. His effort to retrieve the past was a lonely task.

He stole his confidence in others. The fact that others did not trust him made it hard for him to have confidence in them.

He stole his own hopes. With so many handicaps it was hard for him to look forward to the future with any assurance. By the time he had reached middle age he was broken in all the things that make life most worth while.

His greatest theft, after all, had been from himself.

The Bible tells us that the children of Israel had a tablet of stone with these words graven upon them, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL." It would be well, if upon the heart of every young person starting out into life those words might be indelibly stamped.

A worth-while life must always be built upon the foundation stone of a thoroughgoing honesty and clean dealings with all whom it touches.

October: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Lord, For Tomorrow And Its Needs."

A CLEAN SPORT

Sometime ago a man was looking for a house in the city of Washington, and at last he found one. He was talking about the matter with the pastor of one of Washington's most aristocratic churches. This pastor said, "You are moving into a very select community. One of your neighbors will be Walter Johnson—a great man."

I wonder if you all know who Walter Johnson is. Lest there may be some who do not, let me say that he is a baseball pitcher for the team known as the "Senators" in Washington. For sixteen years he has played with this one team. It is quite generally agreed that he is the best Big League pitcher for the past sixteen years. The fans call him the "Big Train."

It's one thing, however, to be a good baseball player and quite another thing to be a "great man." Perhaps if I tell you a little about Walter Johnson you will understand why that Washington preacher spoke of him in those words.

Walter Johnson was born on a farm in Kansas in 1887. There were no near neighbors, and so he had no children to play with. He was fourteen years old before he ever heard of baseball, and then it was because his people moved from Kansas to California. All the boys in the new town where he lived played baseball, and Walter thought he would try it. In the first game he began as catcher. Before it was half over one of the other boys decided that Walter would make a good

pitcher, so he took to the box and began to pitch. That was a long time ago, but he has been pitching ever since.

Walter went to high school, where he played on the school team. Then he went to work and also attended business college.

He began to play baseball in earnest, and he had a chance to play with the New York Giants, but he didn't take it. He played a good deal in the Middle West and at one time pitched eighty-six consecutive innings without once letting the other team get a score. Later, after he had joined the Senators and become a part of the Big League, he pitched fifty-six consecutive innings without letting any one score.

In all of his sixteen years in the Big League he has never been suspended, never had a fine assessed against him, never had a fight with an umpire, and has never been ruled off a diamond. He is a "clean sport" through and through. He is one of the men who "lend character" to baseball. His standards of personal and professional behavior are high.

Walter Johnson always gives the best there is in him and he doesn't waste time worrying about the result. He doesn't always win the game, but he always does his best to do so.

If you met Walter Johnson on the street you would hardly realize that the modest, clean-faced, likable chap was one of the greatest of baseball heroes. A writer has said of him:

"He is more like some prosperous, genial merchant, or broker, than an idol of the fans, the man who, on the diamond, receives the applause of the multitudes whether he is 'whiffing 'em' as fast as the batters come

to the plate, or whether he is taking his glove to the bench after being pounded.

"Living cleanly—he always has—Walter Johnson is a real 'early-to-bed-early-to-rise' man. His chief business in life is a perfectly winsome wife and four kiddies, three boys and a girl—oh, yes, and an Airedale dog which insists on gnawing its bones in the front-room on the best rug—much to Mrs. Johnson's chagrin.

"Modesty, clean living, quiet geniality and an intense love of his family and home are the dominant characteristics of the great hurler."

Walter Johnson never knowingly played a dishonest game of baseball in his life. He just isn't that kind of a fellow.

Of the way he keeps fit he says: "A fellow's got to have a clear head and plenty of reserve power, if he is to match wits with the batters and pull himself out of a tight hole, and going to bed early and taking care of yourself gives you that."

When a neighbor asked him, "Do you believe clean living and square playing have been more responsible for your success and the way the fans treat you than anything else?" he replied, "Yes, that must be it."

CHAPTER II: NOVEMBER

The stories for the month lead up to and center around the idea of thanksgiving. The aim should be to lead the children to think of God as the giver of all good things and to make them freely and joyously thankful for the every-day blessings of life.

CHAPTER II

NOVEMBER

November: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

II SCHOOL: "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."

III THE ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM: (*Recited in unison*)

IV PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING: (*By pastor or leader*)

V HYMNS "When Morning Gilds The Skies."

VI STORY:

"COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME"

Dean Henry Alford is responsible for one of our best harvest hymns. It is a genuine hymn of thanksgiving, and we would do a fine thing by learning the entire words of this song at this Thanksgiving season. They would stay with us all our lives and make the harvest season richer each year so long as we live.

Henry Alford was born in London in 1810. His father was a clergyman, and he followed in his father's steps and also became a clergyman. After he had graduated from college and university he became a London preacher. In 1857 he was made dean of Canterbury, a position which he held until his death some fourteen years later. He was a great student of Greek, and he

also wrote many hymns. One hymn book contained fifty-five of his hymns. The most popular of all is this harvest hymn, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

The original hymn contained seven stanzas, but usually only three or four of them have been printed in the hymn book. As we are going to use the hymn this month it is changed quite a little from the original. The first stanza is practically the same as when Dean Alford wrote it; the other two have been considerably altered.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Father, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

All the blessings of the field,
All the stores the gardens yield;
All the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;
All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Come, then, thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

VII BENEDICTION: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

November: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "My God, I Thank Thee."

GIVING THANKS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

In India there lived a little girl who found life very attractive. She had become a Christian, and her faith in Jesus made her happy.

One day she awoke to a fact almost too terrible to believe. She was a leper. Her fate was the leper camp. She could no longer live with her friends or even among well people.

It is not strange that she became despondent and hopeless. She rebelled against God. She felt that he was unjust, and that the story of a God of love could not be true.

Occasionally the missionaries came to her to offer comfort, but the joy had gone out of her life. Finally she began to look about her at the other forlorn victims of the incurable scourge. Their need was great. There were some things which she could do for them. She began to help them in a small way. One thing led to another until her whole time was occupied in helping others.

Gradually as she worked a strange joy seemed to be creeping into her life and she became very happy again. She found that there were joys in life deeper and richer than she had ever dreamed and that they were not dependent upon a sound body.

The rest of the story sounds like fiction, but daily this girl used to thank God for permitting her to become a leper and thus learning the deep joy of giving her life in service to others.

Fanny Crosby, the much loved writer of gospel hymns, was made blind at six weeks of age by the unskilled practice of a physician. All her life she was shut up to darkness, yet she used to say, "The greatest blessing which ever came into my life is my blindness." Shut up to the unseen world, she had found in it a wealth of beauty which more than made up for the loss of her physical vision.

Surely, if a leper girl and a blind lady could find occasion for thanksgiving, no affliction in our lives can be sufficient to check our feeling of gratitude to God in this month of national thanksgiving, or in any other month.

November: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "For all The Blessings of the Year."

THE THINGS WHICH OTHERS DO NOT HAVE

It is one of the easiest things in the world to imagine that all of the children in the world have all of the good things which we have, and that some of them have much more. It may be a good plan at Thanksgiving time to stop and think about some of the things that we enjoy freely, that other girls and boys do not have at all.

Take our schools, for example. Most of us have always lived in places where schools are plentiful and free. We think of schools as just a regular part of life. Sometimes we even wish at moments that there were no schools, so that we could do something else that we just happen to think we would like to do instead of going to school. Well, there are plenty of boys and girls in the world who have no schools and have never had any. Most of them would be quite happy, if they could have

a chance to go to school. As it is, they grow up in ignorance and superstition, and all their lives they are slaves of the things they don't know. They are forever shut out from some of the nicest things in life, because they do not know the things that they might know if they had schools. Schools cost money, and planning, and lots of work. Some one has sacrificed that we might have schools. They didn't just happen. Even in our own country there are many boys and girls, who have schools so poor as to be almost as bad as no schools at all.

Then there are doctors. When we are sick a telephone soon brings a doctor, to care for us. In many parts of the world, however, girls and boys have measles, chickenpox, smallpox, diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid fever, and all the other long list of diseases, and either get well or die without a doctor. Sad to relate a large number of them die. In some countries where there are no doctors, or where there is a shortage of doctors, so many children die that, were it not for a very large birth-rate, the entire population would soon be wiped out of existence. Even when they break an arm or a leg, or suffer other accident, they must bear the consequences without intelligent or proper care. We can never be too thankful that we live where nurses, doctors, medicines, and hospital care are available for both rich and poor.

Some of us forget to be thankful even for our churches and Sunday schools, yet, all over the world, there are millions of youth who have never seen a church and who do not so much as know what Sunday school is. In fact there are many boys and girls in the United States, who have never attended church and who do not know what

a Sunday school is or what it is for. Many of them, if they knew what they are missing, would think that those of us, who have a chance to learn about Jesus Christ and to study the Bible, are among the most fortunate people on earth.

When it comes to the matter of food and houses we again are most fortunate. We have comfortable homes with clean wholesome food while multitudes of children live in one-room shacks, made of logs, flattened-out tin cans, slabs, mud, grass, leaves, or any other sort of material which chances to be at hand; and many of them do not know what it is to have a good meal of food from one year's end to another.

When we remember the things which we have, and which other children do not have, it should make us feel, not better than they are, but very thankful for the things which we have. It should also make us more determined that we shall try to make it possible for other children in the world to have some of the good things which we now enjoy so freely and often appreciate so little, until we have stopped to think how much they really mean to us.

November: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Now Sing We a Song For the Harvest."

IT'S A PRETTY GOOD WORLD AFTER ALL

One of the most interesting wonder-tales ever written is the story of King Midas of the golden touch. You remember that King Midas thought that if he could only have the golden touch, so that everything he handled would turn to gold, he would be perfectly happy. Then

he was told that the following morning he would have the gift which he sought.

When the first sunbeam shone through the window he touched the cover of his bed, and it turned to woven gold. He got up and pulled aside the curtain, and it, too, turned to gold. As he dressed each garment turned to soft and flexible gold.

His first difficulty arose when the glasses which he started to put on turned to gold, and he could not see through them. He was sorry about that, but decided he could get along without the glasses, and anyway one couldn't have the golden touch without some slight disadvantages.

In his enthusiasm he rushed out into the garden touching the flowers one by one. They all turned to gold, but the wonderful fragrance was no longer there.

Pretty soon he heard his little girl, Marygold, crying. She had gone out into the garden, but she didn't like the golden flowers, with no fragrance and with such harsh petals that they hurt her nose when she tried to smell them.

Then they went in to breakfast. Midas picked up the coffee-pot, and it turned to gold; he was delighted. Then he started to drink some coffee, and it turned to molten gold which soon hardened. That didn't please him so well.

Then he tried to take a fish from the platter, and it turned to gold. He decided that he would rather not have gold fish. He tried some cakes, but they turned to gold before he could get them into his mouth. A boiled egg and a baked potato were transformed in the same way, before he could eat them.

Midas began to get frightened. He was hungry, and,

for the time being, he was considerably more interested in getting some breakfast than in amassing more gold.

Marygold, trying to comfort him, came around the table; and he put his arms around her, kissed her, and said, "My precious, precious Marygold!"

There was no answer. Marygold had turned to gold.

The story goes on to tell us that, after Midas had become so wretched and miserable that he was willing to exchange all the gold in the world for one glass of water, he finally got rid of his golden touch, and the things he had changed to gold were changed back to their original form. Also, that from that time forward Midas fairly hated the sight of gold.

That is rather a strange story, but it isn't a bad one to remember at Thanksgiving time. If some one would give you a million dollars this week you would think that you had a great deal to be thankful for, yet all the while we have things that are worth more than a million —the sunshine, the beautiful and fragrant flowers, the trees, the mountains, the singing birds, our friends. These, and a thousand other things like them, are worth more than all the money in the world.

It would be a good plan this Thanksgiving to remember some of the things we have to be thankful for, which we are inclined so frequently to forget.

November: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "We Plough The Fields and Scatter."

BACK TO THE PILGRIMS

Thanksgiving Day always takes us back to the Pilgrims—the "Pilgrim Fathers" we call them sometimes. If that makes us think of them as old gray-headed men,

it is an unfortunate term, for the Pilgrims were rather young men. They had lived long enough to know what it was to suffer for the privilege of worshipping God as their consciences dictated. Driven from England, they had taken refuge in Holland, but not finding what they sought there, they determined to brave the dangers of an untried wilderness.

For three years they worked, trying to get boats in which to cross the Atlantic Ocean. They finally sailed in two boats from Holland in July, 1620. They were obliged to stop in England. One boat became disabled and was forced to give up the voyage. The other boat came within sight of America in December, 1620. That seems like a rather long journey over a route that is now covered in a week or less. The actual time on the voyage was a little more than two months. Throughout the trip their food was not very plentiful or very good and they were badly tossed by fierce storms. The travelers were a relieved and happy group when they were able once more to set their feet on solid ground.

Their troubles, however, were far from complete. There were no steam-heated hotels to receive them, and the weather was very cold. In fact there were no houses. The first task was to fell trees in the forest and build log cabins to house themselves through the winter. The story of that terrible winter is a sad one. One hundred and two persons landed in New England in the cold of that autumn day, but, before the warm spring breezes blew again, more than fifty of the party lay buried under the roadway, which was used as a graveyard that the Indians might not realize how many of their number had died. Practically every one of the forty-one families represented in the little colony lost a father or mother,

or a brother or sister, during those terrible days of suffering.

In April the Mayflower returned to England, leaving the brave band alone. Immediately the Pilgrims faced the task of raising a crop that they might have more and better food for another winter. They were a small group, alone in a vast wilderness. Their entire future was at stake. There was no one on whom they might call in time of need. There were no railroads to bring them food from a distance if their crops failed. Their lives might depend upon the success of their farming venture.

Rarely have growing plants been watched with greater care. Some of the seed proved to be poor, but some of it grew, and at last the harvest was gathered in. The gratitude of the members of this anxious, hard-working band was spontaneous, deep, and genuine.

It seemed most fitting that they should gather in the little meeting house, and give thanks to God. They did not imagine that they were establishing a national custom, which would last down through the years. The first national Thanksgiving was designated by George Washington November 26, 1789. In 1863 Abraham Lincoln made Thanksgiving a recurring festival by designating the last Thursday in November.

Today we have so many things to be thankful for that sometimes we forget to be thankful at all. It may help us to get back into the real spirit of that First Thanksgiving if we listen again to that familiar poem—"The Landing of The Pilgrims" which has caught and preserved for us the spirit of the lives and achievements of these brave men of the past whose trust was in God

and who were willing to sacrifice all, if need be, for the sake of their ideals.

(The poem may be read by the leader or recited by one of the pupils as a part of the service and then sung by the entire school to the tune "Plymouth.")

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depth of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found:
Freedom to worship God.

CHAPTER III: DECEMBER

The plans for the month center about the Christmas ideas of peace, good will, and helpfulness. The stories should not only enrich the Christmas celebration itself but also permanently ennoble the ideals of the pupils and leave them with a broader conception of the real meaning of Christmas.

CHAPTER III

DECEMBER

December: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

II LEADER: And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold; I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, among men in whom he is well pleased.

III HYMN: "Hark The Herald Angels Sing."

IV PRAYERS

V HYMN: "O Little Town Of Bethlehem."

VI STORY:

GIVING A LIFE

The World War was such a terrible thing and brought out so much that was wicked and vile in men that we would be glad to forget it altogether, were it not that the horrible memory might possibly keep us from ever sanctioning or permitting another war to occur, if we have anything to say about it.

In the midst of all the folly and moral degradation of the war there was much true heroism and from the highest motives of service. We will always honor the memory of those who gave themselves so unselfishly.

One of those of whom we have reason to be proud is the young American poet Alan Seeger. I want to tell you a little of his story today.

Alan Seeger was born in New York City in 1890. He grew up on Staten Island, where as a boy he watched the great ships of all the world come and go through the waters of New York harbor. It was here, possibly, that the spirit of romance was born in his life.

In 1910 Seeger completed his college course at Harvard University. The next two years he was in New York and then, yielding to a long-felt ambition, he went to Paris. Here he was when the Great War broke out in 1914. He had come to appreciate the French people, and he was convinced of the justice of their cause. Accordingly, the war was not three weeks old when he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France.

Soon after, he wrote to his mother: "I hope you see the thing as I do and think that I have done well, being without responsibilities and with no one to suffer materially by my decision, in taking upon my shoulders, too, the burden that so much of humanity is suffering under,

and, rather than stand ingloriously aside when the opportunity was given me, doing my share for the side that I think right."

During the winter of 1914-15 Seeger suffered many deprivations and hardships. Six days in the trenches alternated with three days' rest. One night after the battle of Champagne, during which the army was under terrific fire, each man was allotted a certain piece of trench work to be completed in one night. Seeger's comrade and best friend in the regiment was an Egyptian. That night the Egyptian was ill, and, after working a short time, his strength gave out. Alan redoubled his own efforts and by the conclusion of the allotted time he had completed not only his own task but that of his comrade as well. He was completely exhausted by the extra labor, but he said of it in a letter to his mother, "I have never done anything in my whole life which gave me such entire satisfaction."

During the winter of 1915-16 Seeger was in the hospital for a time. It was about this time that he wrote his famous poem, "I have a rendezvous with death," which opens with the words:

> "I have a rendezvous with death,
> At some disputed barricade,
> When spring comes back with rustling shade
> And apple blossoms fill the air."

And closes with:

> "And I to my pledged word am true,
> I shall not fail that rendezvous."

After his recovery he returned to his regiment, and on July 4 of the same year he fell wounded in the midst of a charge. He cheered his comrades on, as they rushed

past him to the attack, but the next morning he was found dead. He had given his last full measure of devotion to the cause which he felt demanded his best, and he made the sacrifice, knowing full well what was involved in it.

The spirit in which he died is well illustrated by the words he wrote to his mother shortly before his death: "You must not be anxious about my coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will, but if I should not, there would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think that I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life."

We usually think that a man's life is his most important possession, yet, Alan Seeger learned, as many another has learned, that there are some things for which a man may wisely lay down his life.

Was it not Jesus who said, "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

VII HYMN: "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear."

VIII THE LORD'S PRAYER: (*In unison*)

IX BENEDICTION: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."

December: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Joy To The World."

GOOD WILL AMONG MEN

Since that first Christmas so long ago when the angels sang, the message of Christmas to the world has been

one of peace and good will among men. In spite of that we still have too much of strife and ill will in the world. There are still too many people, who believe that war can settle things and that peace in the world is only an impossible dream. The hope of the world lies in a generation of boys and girls who believe that war is one of the greatest evils in the world and that peace between nations is possible just as peace between neighbors is possible.

There never was a time in the history of the world when it was so important that war should be done away as it is today, for war was never so terrible as it is now, there never was so little excuse for it. It seems strange that civilized peoples should kill each other by the thousands and destroy millions of dollars worth of property, all for the sake of having everything in worse shape than it was when they began and of hating each other worse than they did before. It is such a very foolish thing that one would have thought we would have learned its foolishness long ago.

Worse, however, than merely being foolish, the whole procedure is so contrary to the spirit of good will which Jesus sought to extend among men that it makes impossible the carrying out of the very purpose for which he lived and died.

In spite of all that the world has suffered because of war, great nations are still building huge guns, training soldiers, and devising the most terrible engines of war which the human mind can conceive. People raised in a world of war seem to think that those things must go on forever. They need to have a generation of boys and girls, who will stand up and say that that is not true and that war must be outlawed forever, just as murder

and lynching and human slavery and other unmentionable crimes against the welfare of the world have been outlawed.

That nations can get along without war has already been shown. Take Canada and the United States for example. Our three thousand miles of Canadian border make one of the longest international boundaries in the world. Upon the whole border there is not a fort and along it there is no standing army. We have learned just to trust each other and be friends. It's the cheapest kind of protection in the world and the very best. It makes us much safer than any number of soldiers with fixed bayonets, or forts with mounted cannon, could possibly do. We have learned to dwell together and prosper in peace and friendliness.

There are other examples of this, but one of the most striking is that of two of our South American neighbors.

For nearly seventy years Chile and the Argentine Republic had been in dispute over their border. The question involved the title to about 80,000 square miles of land. Some years ago the dispute waxed very warm and the two nations were on the verge of war. Battleships were being constructed, immense sums of money were being expended for armaments, and the feeling of jealousy was running high. In spite of the difficulties which had arisen, the two countries came, however, to see the folly of going to war, and the matter was finally settled by arbitration. Upon this happy solution of the difficulty the feeling of jealousy and hate gave way to one of gratitude and good will. Immediately some concrete expression of the new relationship between the two countries was sought.

Funds were raised, and an immense statue of the

Christ was erected at the highest available spot on the border between the two countries. The placing of this statue was attended with great festivities, in which representatives of both countries took part. Upon the statue was inscribed these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

That the pledge of these two countries was sincere was shown by the fact that work on four immense battleships was discontinued, and that the money, which before had been spent for armament at a prodigious rate, was used for good roads, schools, harbors, and other internal improvements.

The huge figure of the "Christ of the Andes," standing on a fourteen-ton granite sphere, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, and holding aloft a large cross, is an invitation to the world to learn the lesson which Chile and Argentina have learned, which is none other than the Christmas lesson of peace and good will among men.

December: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "The First Noël."

THE WONDERFUL PALACE

A long time ago I heard a story about a very wonderful palace. I am afraid that I cannot tell it to you just as it was told, but it was something like this.

It seems that many years ago, in a country far, far away, there lived a king and his people, and they were very happy and contented. Their greatest pride was their palace. It was the center of interest for the whole

kingdom. Whenever visitors came they always took them to see this beautiful palace that they, too, might admire it. Not only was the palace very beautiful, but it was unlike every other palace in the world. Instead of being built by human hands it had been built many years before by music, so long ago in fact that no one could remember about it, although they still had the story.

For many years everything went along nicely in the kingdom and every one lived at peace with his neighbor. Finally the people began to grow selfish, and they began to quarrel among themselves and to take advantage of each other. They were not as happy as they had been before, but they did not know that a great calamity was coming to them. One morning, when they awoke and looked out of their windows, their beautiful palace was gone. The earth had opened up in the night and swallowed the palace and nothing remained but the spot where it had stood.

At first the people were very sad. Then they remembered how their fathers had told them that the palace had been created by music. Now it chanced that all of the old master musicians, who had had a part in building the palace, were dead, and the younger musicians were all jealous of each other, so that when the people came to them and asked them to try and bring back the palace, each one secretly determined that he would do it alone, and thus get all the credit for the mighty task himself. One after another, whenever they thought none of the others were around, the musicians went out to the spot where the palace had stood; and each played his finest harmonies, in the hope that the palace would appear, as it had so many years before; but the palace never ap-

peared. Play as best they could, none of them could produce the palace; but they never ceased to try.

At last a great holiday was at hand and by a strange coincidence every musician in town, thinking that all of the others would be away enjoying themselves, decided to go out early and once more try to bring back the palace. There on the spot where the palace had stood they all met. When they saw each other, however, instead of playing, each one stood leaning on his instrument and glaring in silence at his neighbors. Each one was afraid that, if he did play and the palace appeared, some one else might get the credit. Thus the time passed, and many scowls were exchanged.

Finally two boys appeared. They could hardly be called musicians at all, but they did have battered old violins and they had by accident discovered quite a remarkable secret, namely, that by playing at the same time, even though they each played different notes, they could produce far more wonderful music than either one of them could by playing alone. When the boys saw all the musicians there they were embarrassed, and for a long time they stood and waited. Then, timidly, they raised their instruments and began to play. The harmony was wonderful. The listeners were amazed and before they knew it the scowls began to melt from their faces. A lame man near-by, almost unconsciously, raised his instrument and joined them. One by one the others joined in the music until every person there, forgetting all about himself, was playing as best he knew how, and a great volume of wonderful music rolled forth.

The melody kept on, but from every direction people came running very fast and shouting, "the palace, the palace, our beautiful palace!" The musicians turned,

and, sure, enough, there stood the beloved palace, created by the harmony of their many instruments. The thing which no one of them could do when working by himself they had accomplished with ease, when they forgot their differences and worked together.

December: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Away In A Manger."

ONE OF THESE LEAST

Among the legends which have grouped themselves about the Christmas season possibly none is finer than the legend of Offerus, or St. Christopher.

Offerus was a giant who lived by the banks of a mighty river. He was so strong that he could pull up trees by the roots, and so tall that he could step from one hill to another. He could crush a man in one hand, but this he never did, for Offerus was kind at heart, and he preferred to do good deeds rather than ugly ones.

The river near which Offerus lived was wide and deep, and often its waters rushed and tumbled wildly. Travelers who came to cross the river were filled with dread, until Offerus appeared to help them across. It came to be a habit with Offerus to help those who came his way.

One night while Offerus was sleeping a terrible storm arose. In the midst of the storm Offerus seemed to hear a voice, as of a child calling, "Offerus, Offerus, come forth and carry me across the river!" It did not seem that any one could be out on such a night, and least of all a child. Offerus lay still and listened, and again he heard

the faint voice: "Offerus, Offerus, come forth and help me across!"

Immediately Offerus arose and went out into the night. There, by the river's bank, was a small child who begged to be carried across. Offerus could not resist the pleading, and so, lifting the child and taking his huge staff, the giant started out into the rushing, tumbling current. Carefully Offerus picked his way, but with each step his burden seemed to grow heavier, and at times it seemed as if he must sink under the burden.

At last, however, Offerus reached the other side and safely and gently he set down his burden. Then in amazement he said, "Child, who art thou? The whole world upon my shoulders could not have been heavier than thou hast been."

Then said the child, "In the past in helping others across this stream thou hast been helping me, but to-night thou hast indeed carried the Christ-Child across. No longer shalt thou be called Offerus but Saint Christopher, because thou hast learned to use thy strength in helping those who are in need."

Saint Christopher was dumb with amazement when he realized whom he had served. As he stood watching the Christ-Child disappear down the path, the staff in his hand took root in the ground, and in spite of the cold it grew taller than all the trees about, and beautiful leaves appeared on its branches. There, it is said, the tree still stands to mark the place where Saint Christopher, at the risk of his own life, carried the Christ-Child across the river.

Was it not Jesus himself who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these least ye have done it unto me."

December: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Holy Night! Peaceful Night!"

THE GIFT OF PURE LOVE

Raymond Macdonald Alden has given us a story which we tell over and over as Christmas comes around. It seems to grow better with the telling. I want to tell you that story, as near as I can remember it, this morning.

Once upon a time, in a country very far away, there stood a remarkable old church. It was on a high hill near a great city, and on special occasions great crowds came to it to worship. It was so large that as one stood at the entrance he could hardly see the minister, he was so far away. There was a great organ which gave forth wonderful music—and there were the chimes in the belfry. They were the most wonderful of all. They could hardly be seen for they were at the top of the great gray stone tower which was so high that only in good weather could the top be seen.

The chimes were in reality Christmas chimes, for they rang only at Christmas time, and then only when some one brought a gift of pure love for the Christ. The sad thing was that for many years no sound had come from the chimes which were said to be capable of producing the most wonderful music in all the world. Year after year people came with great gifts, trying to excel each other in their giving, but the chimes did not ring. There was one very old man who said that his parents had heard the chimes when they were children.

Some distance away from the great church, in a country village, there lived two boys, Pedro and his little brother. They had heard about the chimes, and they had even

caught glimpses of the gray tower on clear days. They had never visited the church, but this year they planned to go. They didn't have much money to give, just two coins, that was all.

The day before Christmas they started out for the church with their small offering, which, however, meant much of sacrifice for them. It was cold, and the walk was a long one; already the people were gathering for the Christmas service, and the great organ was sending forth its music. On the way the boys met an old man who was very hungry, and who had no money to get food. They had saved the two coins for months for the Christmas offering, but, touched by the old man's need, Pedro gave him one of the coins.

With sad hearts that their offering was now so small the two boys went on their way. Already it was quite dark. Suddenly by the roadside they saw a dark object. They looked and saw that it was a woman—an old woman and apparently freezing. What should they do? If they waited to help the woman, they would be late for the service, and they had been planning for it for a year. It was a hard problem, but Pedro, choking back his tears, said, "Here, Brother, take this silver coin, and go on to the church. When no one is looking put the coin on the plate. I will stay here and keep this woman from freezing."

Little Brother sped on his way, but the service had begun before he reached the church. Rich people were carrying their gold and their jewels to the altar, but the chimes did not ring. Finally the king himself came and placed his diamond-studded crown on the altar. Every one thought that the chimes would surely sound then, but there was no sound. Could it be that there were no

chimes after all? The only sound they could hear was the moaning of the wind through the tower.

Suddenly the minister and the whole congregation were startled with the most wonderful music they had ever heard. The chimes, so long silent, were ringing clearly, sweetly, unmistakably. Every one was entranced. They looked toward the altar to see what great gift had set the chimes to ringing so marvelously, and there they saw little Brother just laying Pedro's silver coin on the altar.

CHAPTER IV: JANUARY

Following Christmas we lay special emphasis upon the idea of service, applying that idea to the specific problems of the liquor traffic, getting rid of war in the world, and supplying needed Christian leaders. It is of great importance that boys and girls begin to think about these tasks as among those important Christian obligations which they must assume.

CHAPTER IV

JANUARY

January: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
II HYMN: "Come, Thou Almighty King."
III THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM (*In unison*)
IV HYMN: "Ring Out The Old, Ring In The New."
V STORY:

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

There are a great many people who count success in terms of dollars and cents, or the things which dollars and cents will buy. There died recently, however, a man who seemed to care nothing for money, yet he was acknowledged everywhere as a most successful man. His success lay in what he was able to do for the world, rather than in what he was able to get out of it. In fact, when his estate was computed, it was found to consist of a fifteen hundred dollar insurance policy and a more or less battered automobile ten years old. I refer to Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz.

Charles P. Steinmetz was born in Germany in 1865. From birth he was a crippled and stunted hunchback. No one would have been inclined to forecast that he would develop one of the greatest scientific minds the world has ever known, but such was to be his achievement.

Steinmetz' father was in the government railway service and was able to give the boy a good education. At the

university young Steinmetz specialized in mathematics. He also gave attention to economics and politics and soon became interested in the Socialist Party. His radical ideas kept him from receiving the university degree, and he went to Switzerland to study. There he fell in with a young American named Oscar Asmussen. At the suggestion of this American friend he came to America, and, from that time forward, identified himself with the new country to which he had come.

In New York City young Steinmetz had difficulty in finding a job. After a time he secured a position at a wage of two dollars per day. Very soon he began to make a name for himself through his work and through the articles which he contributed to scientific journals. In 1893 he became consulting engineer for the General Electric Company with offices at Schenectady, New York, and there he labored until the time of his death.

A long list of important achievements are put opposite his name, from the working out of a formula for the producing of energy as a by-product of heat to the harnessing of Niagara Falls and the creation of artificial lightning bolts. Some of the most important of his accomplishments are so involved in science and mathematics that it is difficult for most of us to appreciate their importance. He wrote many text-books, and he had the art of making difficult things seem simple.

Although his life was so filled up with science and mathematics he was an active member of a local church and also gave considerable time to politics. He had a vision of a world without hate and without war. He believed that with the use of electricity and a little common sense, which would keep us from running after so many useless things, we could make life much more at-

tractive and greatly reduce the number of hours of labor necessary for each individual, thus providing leisure for recreation and self-improvement of many sorts.

Steinmetz believed that profit should be eliminated from business and all business done for the benefit of all the people. He showed the genuineness of his faith by refusing to take a salary, although his value was such that he could have fixed his own salary. He was content to draw such amounts of money as he needed for his rather modest wants. He never became the slave of mere things, and the result was that he lived a free life. He took his first trip to the Pacific coast shortly before his death. Everywhere he received a royal welcome and honors were bestowed upon him.

When he died the public schools of Schenectady were closed in his honor, and flags were at half-mast while his body lay in state.

The world will long remember this "electrical wizard" this "hurler of thunderbolts," and it will not soon forget that this same "wizard" cared so little for money, of which he might easily have had so much, that he died practically a penniless man. Speaking of that fact in a headline a great city newspaper said, "Steinmetz left estate of fame." He did that, and much more, for he left the world far richer because he had been here and labored. That, at least, is one of the things worth while—one of the marks of a truly successful life.

VI PRAYER: (*Closing with the Lord's Prayer*)

VII HYMN: "Work For The Night Is Coming."

VIII LEADER: "Guide us in the way of truth, our Father,
And direct our lives into paths of service."

January: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

Happiness is something that most of us desire, yet many people miss it altogether. It may be that the reason some of us fail to find happiness is not because the way to it is so difficult but rather because it is so simple—we can hardly imagine that anything so desirable as happiness could be reached so easily. Because of that we make many mistakes.

One of the mistakes most often made is to think that happiness can be secured by going after it. It's like the will-o'-the-wisp. When you go after it, it isn't there; but, when you forget all about it, then some day it suddenly appears. It's a sort of by-product. I guess you know what a by-product is. A man builds a factory to make a certain kind of article and then discovers that some of the by-products made out of what would otherwise be waste are about as valuable as the thing he set out to make in the first place. Many a business which would otherwise end in failure goes on to success because of the by-products.

Happiness, curiously enough, is a by-product of doing one's duty, or of doing what you ought to do. The words "ought" and "duty" have a pretty harsh sound sometimes, but they are among the most worth-while words in the world. They point the way not only to a useful life, but also to that ever-desirable thing happiness.

Another mistake that people make quite often is to get the idea that happiness comes from things. They think

they could be happy, if they had a silk dress instead of a cotton one, or a mansion instead of a cottage, or a Rolls-Royce instead of a Ford. As a matter of fact happiness does not come that way; it can't be found in things. It comes from within. If a man is right inside, he is pretty sure to be happy.

A long time ago there lived a king in England who ought to have been very happy, but he wasn't. He had a wonderful palace, fine horses, fine estates, and all the things that any one could desire, but he was sad and discontented; and he couldn't find any way to get over it.

One day the king heard about a miller who lived down by the River Dee. This miller was said to be the happiest man in England. From morning till night he worked away as busy as he could be, and as he worked he sang. One of his favorite songs was,

"I envy nobody—no, not I!—
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

This simple miller didn't realize that he had something that even the king did not have, and that the king envied him for it. All day long the miller was so cheerful that he made every one else cheerful, and people from one end of the country to another were always talking about him.

The more the king thought about this happy miller the more determined he became to pay him a visit, and, if possible, find out the secret of his happiness.

So one day the king appeared all unexpectedly in the dusty old mill. The miller was just singing his little song,

"I envy nobody—no, not I!—
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

"You're wrong there," said the king, "for I envy you, and I only wish that I could be as happy as you are all day long. Now tell me what it is that makes you happy working all day in this dusty mill while I, who am a king, am sad."

"I don't know what makes you sad," said the miller, "but I can tell you why I am glad. I have lots of work; I earn my own bread. I love my wife and children, and I have my friends who love me and whom I love. I don't owe any one a penny. Why shouldn't I be happy? The River Dee turns my mill and grinds the corn for my little family. I have everything to make me happy."

"You needn't explain any further," said the king, "I think I understand. Your dusty cap is worth more than my golden crown, and your mill does more for you than my entire kingdom does for me. If there were more men like you in the world, it would be a better place for all of us to live in."

The king turned and walked away and the miller went back to his work singing,

"Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the River Dee!"

The miller had found the secret of happiness in doing just as well as he knew how the work that came to him each day, and in keeping on good terms with his God and with his neighbors.

It all sounds very simple and it is simple—so simple that a great many of us never master the secret. We go wandering about trying to find happiness in eating, in

having fine things, in seeing strange sights, and in doing all sorts of unusual things, when God has placed the secret of happiness within each one of us.

The way to happiness is not a broad highway with many electric lights and glaring guide posts marked "THIS WAY TO HAPPINESS"; instead it's a narrow little path beginning right at your very feet. It is so modest in appearance that you could easily miss it altogether, and, even if there were guide posts along the way, they would read "This way to duty." If you were looking for happiness you might be tempted to pass it up; but, if you took it, you would find that God has made it also the path-way to happiness.

January: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Fight The Good Fight."

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOW?

Out in the Middle West there lived a fine American family—father and mother and children. For weeks they had been looking forward with great pleasure to an automobile trip which they had planned. At last the day came, and, in order to make sure of a long day of pleasure, they got out of bed early; and, before it was quite light, they were on their way.

The rising sun was just driving away the darkness, when they saw approaching them in the road a large and beautiful automobile. There would have been nothing remarkable in that, except that this car was moving rapidly and swerving from side to side as it traveled. It was evident that the driver was drunk or crazy—later developments showed that he was drunk.

Realizing his danger the young father turned his own

car as far out of the road as possible; but, in spite of his efforts, the huge approaching monster smashed into it. When the survivors pulled themselves out of the wreckage, it was found that the mother was dead and that other members of the party were injured. The picnic party became a funeral party instead, and all because some man insisted that society had no right to interfere with his personal liberty.

We hear to-day a great deal of talk about personal liberty, but even a boy or a girl need not be fooled by it. Robinson Crusoe on a desert island might have had something approaching personal liberty, but as soon as people begin to live together they must have respect for the rights of other people.

Long ago we agreed that a man did not have a right to become a drunkard and, by so doing, to deprive his children of a decent home, good food, and warm clothing. We recognize such a man as a menace to the welfare of the community. With the coming of the automobile, however, even the moderate drinker has become a danger to the safety of all those who travel the public highway. Henry Ford said not long ago that the use of such a large number of automobiles had made it necessary that the use of liquor should be discontinued. Another man put it this way, "Gasolene and alcohol do not mix." In these days a man is little better than a murderer when he weakens his nervous and muscular control with liquor and then gets into an automobile and drives on the public highway. Our enormous accident toll would be very greatly reduced if we could stop the accidents now caused directly or indirectly by liquor, for such accidents are not exceptional but regular occurences.

Recently a great newspaper gave a full page to a story

headed, "Tragic toll of the twin vices: Bootleg booze and reckless speed." The story began: "One killed; seven injured. The dead man, an innocent victim, was a white-haired butcher and grocer. His son-in-law, driving the truck on which both were seated when the crash came, was hurt." The story then goes on to tell of the injuries of the five occupants of the other car, all of whom were returning, under the influence of liquor, from a wild party. Eye witnesses of that early morning catastrophe said the car was traveling at a rate of nearly sixty miles an hour. Surely no one but a man rendered crazy and foolish with drink would drive a car at such a speed through the streets of a great city even in the fairly quiet hours of the early morning. The car was zigzagging terribly witnesses testified.

Commenting upon this gruesome incident the newspaper man continued:

"These are sins not only against Heaven, but against the most elemental facts of mechanics and chemistry. Bootleg booze is rank poison. Fast cars are deadly instruments. Driving is dangerous enough when everyone is alert, cautious, sane. High-proof moonshine is menacing enough when its addicts wobble about on their unsteady feet. But when a reeling, irresponsible, hysterical fool hurls a powerful machine through the streets of civilization at a momentum that would be criminal for an expert with a clear head, what can it mean? Has America lost its sense of balance entirely? Whether you are in sympathy with prohibition or not, you cannot escape the facts. Synthetic, doctored whiskey makes men murderers and women maudlin fools."

It would be hard to find stronger language than that, but it might not be a bad plan to remember it the next

time that you hear some one arguing that no one has a right to interfere with his "personal liberty" in the matter of drink.

January: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Light of the World, We Hail Thee."

A BIG JOB AHEAD

The biggest and perhaps the most important task which the boys and girls of today will ever face is to get rid of war. No monster in the entire world is so menacing to the human race as war. Unless we are able to get rid of war we shall be wiped out of existence.

The wars of the past have been bad enough, but none of them could compare with the destruction wrought by the World War which broke out in 1914. In terms of human life that war cost the lives of 10,000,000 soldiers and 30,000,000 civilians. The figures are so great that they do not mean much to us. You might understand it better if you took 40,000,000 and divided it by the population of your town to find out how many towns like yours it would make.

When we talk about money the figures are still more staggering—$186,000,000,000—it's billions not millions. Think of the school-houses that would build, the playgrounds it would supply, the miles of road it would pave. That amount of money spent for making the world a better place in which to live would transform the lives of millions of unfortunate folk. Instead it was spent for nothing—yes worse than nothing, for war accomplishes nothing worth while, but much evil. In the United States we are burdened with heavy taxes and 93 cents out of each dollar of those taxes goes for war. Yet

our taxes are light and our condition fortunate when compared with the burdens now carried by other nations.

The worst of it is, however, that the world seems to be headed for an even worse war in the future, unless the young people of today insist that war shall stop. The older folk have been so used to a world of war that they do not seem to think that there is any other way out but to keep on making war. Now there is always a way out of anything so bad as war, and it is for the young people to find that way and to insist that we shall take it.

The nations are not only spending huge sums for the wars that are passed, but also other large sums to get ready for the wars which are to come. We made a small beginning at understanding each other when representatives of the nations came together at Washington and agreed to scrap some battle ships and to stop building some that were already under way. It showed that things could be accomplished when we get together and talk them over. After all nations are made up of people, and any one, who can get along without shooting his next door neighbor every time he has a disagreement with him, ought to be able to get along without having his country go to war.

We said that no good thing came out of war, but it may be of some value that many of our young men and women saw the terrible things that they did in the World War. None of them can ever again think that there is anything glorious about war, for war showed itself for what it was—a dirty, wicked piece of business.

Dr. Harry Fosdick tells of a young man who came back from the war and, like many others of these same young men, he would not talk of his experiences. Finally his father rebuked him for his silence. Then the young man said, "Just one thing I will tell you. One night I was on

patrol in No Man's Land and suddenly I came face to face with a German boy about my own age. It was a question of his life or mine. We fought like wild beasts. . . . We had nothing personally against each other. He did not want to kill me any more than I wanted to kill him. That is war. I did my duty in it, but for God's sake, do not ask me to talk about it. I want to forget it."

That is a terrible picture, but war is a terrible thing and unless boys and girls realize what an inhumane unchristian thing it is and grow up to hate it, it will go on and on. In some way this awful thing must be stopped, but, if it is to be stopped, it will be through the boys and girls now in our Sunday schools. There is no one else to do the task.

January: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Faith of Our Fathers."

WHERE SHALL WE GET THE WORKERS?

If the graduates of our medical schools all decided to become chauffeurs, we would soon have no doctors, for we have no other source of supply for doctors. If our engineering students all became barbers, the engineering work of the world would soon be in sad plight. Schools are important institutions, for we have come to depend on them for the kind of persons which we need for the work of the world.

Unless Sunday schools produce persons who go out to extend Christianity, religion will languish, for there is no other source of supply for Christian workers. Sunday school teachers, ministers, and missionaries and relig-

ious workers of every sort must be found in our Sunday schools, if they are to be found at all.

Not long ago it was discovered that a large Sunday school had never in its history produced a minister or a missionary. It would hardly seem that such a school was doing its full share of the work for which it was intended.

The Rev. W. A. Brown, D.D., tells us of one school which surely did its part:

"More than thirty years ago a young man, with his bride, went to live in a little prairie town in Kansas. A struggling Sunday school was in need of workers, and the young woman was asked to help in the school. Although her baby girl was very frail, the mother accepted the responsibility for the so-called 'infant class' and she often taught her class holding the sick child on a pillow in her arms. Closely confined to her home, the mother could not call upon the members of her class. Instead, she had them come to see her. She organized them into a mission band, and the Bible class on Sundays met as a missionary group on week-days. There were never more than fifteen in the entire class, yet the teacher set them to work raising chickens and growing things, and, by and by, they had money enough to support a Bible woman in China. The children became tremendously interested in the work of Christ in the world.

"The fifteen little tots grew to be men and women. One went as a missionary to Africa and, when her husband died of the fever, she came home and is now the head of a splendid mission school in the United States. Another went as the wife of a missionary to the Philippine Islands. A third became a medical missionary in the Philippines. Another became the head of a great Christian Association in the Orient, and still another labored

with her husband in the regions of Alaska. Each of the others is sharing in his own way in the work of the Kingdom."

If fifteen pupils in a little prairie Sunday school could do this, what can not we accomplish, if we take our work seriously and perform it with equal enthusiasm.

CHAPTER V: FEBRUARY

February is notable for the birthdays of two of our greatest Americans, who are perennially interesting. The month, therefore, provides a very natural opportunity for the presentation of the stories of some of our outstanding national heroes. The virtues emphasized are of varying character, but the total effect should be to make the pupils conscious that America's great men have been essentially Christian and that each rising generation has an obligation to keep alive those abiding virtues which characterized them.

CHAPTER V

FEBRUARY

February: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I QUIET MUSIC

II HYMN: "When Morning Gilds The Skies."

III PRAYER

IV HYMN: "O Lord Our God, Thy Mighty Hand."

V SALUTE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

VI SALUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands; one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and in love." (The flags may be held by two boys during the salute, or they may be located on opposite sides of the room. All the members of the school should take part in the salute with right hands extended toward the flag.)

VII HYMN: "Fling Out The Banner."

VIII STORY:

"AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL"

Unlike a good many other countries, the United States has no officially recognized national hymn. If you were to

ask, even the President, he would not be able to tell you what it is. Some would say, "America"; others would tell you, "O Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean"; still others would choose the "Star Spangled Banner." Possibly the largest number would vote for "America, the Beautiful."

None of the hymns, which, for a long time, we used as our national anthems, seemed quite satisfactory; so we are greatly indebted to Katharine Lee Bates, who, in the summer of 1893, out in the Colorado Rockies wrote a hymn which is both typical of America and which breathes such worthy Christian idealism that we can sing it with enthusiasm.

For two years after this hymn was written it remained in Miss Bates's note book. It was then published in the *Congregationalist.* Since then it has been set to most attractive music.

Katharine Lee Bates was born in Falmouth, Mass., in 1859. She graduated from Wellesley College and has spent most of her life teaching and writing. She has traveled a great deal and had many interesting experiences. She has written many other poems, stories, and travel sketches, but it is "America, the Beautiful" that has made her immortal.

I want to read you the words that you may thoroughly appreciate them before we begin to sing them.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

IX HYMN: "O Beautiful For Spacious Skies."
X BRIEF PRAYER OR BENEDICTION.

February: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "My Country, 'tis Of Thee."

GROWING UP IN A CABIN

Abraham Lincoln was a funny looking boy. His hair was black, and his skin was sallow. He grew so fast that his breeches never came down where they ought to come. He wore a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, a coon-skin cap and heavy shoes. Some one has said, "He was long; he was strong; he was wiry." He had

one good quality which redeemed all the others. He was always good-natured, and no one could ever have accused him of being a bully. Instead he made more or less of a specialty of helping the weak and those who could not well help themselves. His first composition was on cruelty to animals. It grew out of an attempt which he had made to keep the boys from teasing turtles with hot coals.

That quality of kindliness and sympathy for the needy and suffering stayed with Lincoln all his life.

One day Lincoln was riding along a country road on horseback with some friends. They passed a pig stuck in the mud and getting deeper and deeper as it tried to extricate itself. Lincoln's young friends seemed to think it was a great joke. After they had all ridden past, Lincoln excused himself and went back. He found the place, dismounted from his horse and drew the distressed pig out of the mire. When questioned about what he had been doing, he replied, "I couldn't have slept well tonight, if I had left that pig where he was."

As soon as Lincoln was old enough to hold an axe in his hand he was obliged to go to work. He had to plow, dig ditches, chop wood, drive oxen and "tend the baby" when the farmer's wife was too busy.

After the day's work Abe loved to roll another log on the fire and read. The light was poor. He didn't have any electric lights at his elbow, but only a blazing pine knot to light his book. He read all the books he could borrow, and many of them he read over and over. Books weren't as plentiful in those days as they are now. If he found anything in his reading which he particularly wished to remember he used to copy it on a shingle. Writing paper was too scarce and too expensive for his

use. Sometimes he got hold of paper. He kept a sort of shingle scrap-book and also a paper scrap-book. In these scrap-books he kept poetry, funny sayings, facts about history, and fine passages. He also kept a scrap-book for his arithmetic. We have one of the arithmetic scrap-books, which he made so long ago in his little cabin home, still preserved.

One day Abe heard of a man who owned a "Life of Washington." He borrowed it, and was having a delightful time reading it. Then, while he was away working, a rain storm came up and the book got very wet. The owner was rather cross about it all and Abe had to work for him several days to pay for the book. Abe didn't feel very bad about the work, and it really turned out to be a good thing, for that was the first book that Abraham Lincoln ever owned. Abe read that "Life of Washington" over and over. He also read the Bible a great deal, the works of Shakespeare, a history of the United States, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." It was a pretty good collection even if only a few titles were included.

Abe was born in Kentucky. When he was seven years old his family moved to Indiana, and, of course, he was taken along. Just before he was twenty-one, they moved again to Illinois. Most of their possessions were sold at auction, the rest were loaded into a covered ox-cart and Abe held the "gad" and guided the oxen. Before he started out he stocked up with pins, needles, thread, and buttons which he peddled among the settlers in that new country through which they passed. The emigrants finally chose for a home a spot on the Sangamon River. Once more a log cabin had to be built, land cleared, rails

split for fencing, and the work of making a living undertaken.

By this time, however, Abe was of age. Having got the family settled he struck out for himself upon a career which was to lead him to the heights of fame, although neither he nor any of his friends could ever have imagined that the tall, lanky, mountain lad would become a world hero.

The world is a better place in which to live because Abraham Lincoln was here.

February: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "God of Our Fathers."

A MAN WHO DID HIS WORK WELL

It will soon be two centuries since George Washington was born February 22, 1732. In spite of that fact we still remember the anniversary of his birth, and count it as one of our national holidays.

Most of the Washington stories have been told many times, yet they are always interesting, even to those of us who have heard them before. They are of the sort which grow better with use.

George was evidently a serious minded lad for when he was thirteen years of age he sat down one day and wrote out 110 rules of conduct for his own use. That must have had a great influence on his life, for he was very methodical about doing the things which he set out to do.

He was a great athlete and had the reputation of excelling in any thing which he undertook in the line of physical prowess. He could ride the wildest horses and could wrestle with the strongest youth. He grew to be six feet and two inches tall and broad in proportion. He

threw a stone one day across the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg, and it struck the ground nearly a hundred feet beyond the opposite bank. It is said that, although many persons have since tried this feat, no one of them has ever succeeded in clearing the water.

He was not a great scholar, but he made a special study of engineering, geometry, trigonometry, and surveying. When he was sixteen years of age he received a commission as a public surveyor, and he spent parts of several years surveying in the Alleghany mountains. He learned there how to "rough it," and he also earned quite a little money which he was careful to save. He invested this money and soon gained a reputation as a "substantial citizen."

By the time Washington was twenty-one years old he had acquired such a reputation for reliability that he was entrusted with an important commission to the French settlers near the headwaters of the Ohio River. Entirely alone he started out on a trip through 600 miles of wilderness infested with many dangers. He met with treachery and accidents. His surveying experience and his great strength stood him in good stead, and he ultimately completed his journey, performed his mission, and returned home unharmed.

Later Washington, although he was a man of peace, became a soldier, and, during the discouraging days of the Revolution, he led the American armies to victory.

For two terms Washington served as President of the United States. He was urged to stay longer in office, but he felt that it was unwise for him to do so. His farewell address touched the heart of the nation, and those who were at hand to hear it were moved to tears.

At the age of sixty-four he retired and gave himself to the care of his farms. The account of his life there is an interesting one.

He rose regularly at four o'clock, winter and summer, and retired each evening at nine. The hours in between were busy ones, given over to work and to his family. When asked how he succeeded in doing so much he said, "A great deal of my work is done while others sleep."

He always dined at three o'clock in the afternoon and for supper had a cup of tea and nothing else.

He was fond of fish, and an old Negro fisherman, born in Africa, spent his time on the river which flowed past Washington's Mount Vernon estate catching fish for the household. Sometimes the old man would go to sleep and forget to bring in the fish. Then the cook, knowing that meals must be served on time, would race along the shore making a great racket. The old fisherman, finally aroused, would come to shore indignantly saying, "What you all make such a noise for, hey? I wa'nt sleep, only noddin'."

A man so punctual as Washington was a pleasant man to work with and for. When he was President he used to test his watch every day to see that it was correct, so that he might not be late for any appointment.

On December 12, 1799 he was out in the cold and snow at work for several hours. That night he was taken sick. Two days later he said, "I die hard; but I am not afraid to go." Then he gave some instructions to his secretary about his funeral, felt his own pulse, and died quietly.

A whole nation mourned his loss, and even in Great Britain and France his memory was honored.

February: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Not Alone For Mighty Empire."

A MAN WHOM EVERY ONE LOVED

It is one of the tragedies of war that the most kindly of men are forced to engage in the harshest sort of enterprises. The world knows Robert E. Lee as a great soldier. His children and friends knew him as one of the kindest Christian gentlemen which the South ever produced.

Two women were visiting one day and one of them was heard to say: "Everybody and every thing—his family, his friends, his horse, and his dog—loves Colonel Lee."

That was pretty nearly true. The dog of which the woman was speaking was a little black-and-tan terrier, Spec. Every one who knew the Lee's knew Spec. Spec was born in the family, but Dart, Spec's mother had been found in distress by Colonel Lee and adopted. Dart was a fine ratter and with the aid of the Maltese cat succeeded in keeping the rats and mice out of both house and barn. Dart always ate out of the same dish as the cat, but she was not allowed to begin until the cat had finished.

Colonel Lee would not allow Spec's tail and ears to be cropped as was the custom. When Spec grew up he adopted the habit of going to church with the family. This rather disturbed the children at their devotions. Colonel Lee decided that it would be better for Spec to stay at home. On the following Sunday Spec was shut in a room on the second floor of the house. Naturally Spec didn't like such treatment. He looked out of the open window for a time, then throwing discretion to the winds, he leaped the long distance to the ground. Appar-

ently he broke no bones, for he soon joined the family at church. After that he was permitted to go to church whenever he wanted to.

Colonel Lee had a real affection for Spec. At one time when most of the family was away on a visit he wrote:

"I am very solitary, and my only company is my dog and cats. But Spec has become so jealous now that he will hardly let me look at the cats. He seems to be afraid that I am going off from him, and never lets me stir without him. He lies down in the office from eight to four without moving, and turns himself before the fire, as the side from it becomes cold. I catch him sometimes looking at me so intently that I am for the moment startled."

A year later Lee himself was away from home and he wrote: "Can't you cure poor Spec? Cheer him up—take him with you, and tell the children to cheer him up."

Once, when Lee had been absent from home three years, Spec was the first to greet him on his return, and he showed by his effusive welcome that he had by no means forgotten his master.

One day Spec disappeared and was never again seen.

Although Colonel Lee was so fond of his family he was sometimes obliged to be away from home for long periods. When he returned after the Mexican war, he picked up a neighbor's child and kissed it, thinking that he was welcoming his own youngest son.

That time he brought a pony to the children, and although it was a pretty rough looking creature after its long voyage in cramped quarters, it proved to be a constant source of delight. It was five years old and pure white. They named it Santa Anna. About ten years

later they found Santa Anna lying cold and dead in the park one morning.

Colonel Lee also had a horse, Grace Darling, of which he was very proud and very fond. He took the horse with him on his expeditions and once he wrote home: "I only arrived yesterday, after a long journey up the Mississippi, which route I was induced to take, for the better accommodation of my horse, as I wished to spare her as much annoyance and fatigue as possible, she already having undergone so much suffering in my service."

Lee loved to help his children in their school work, when he could do so. He also encouraged them to learn to skate and swim and engage in other manly sports.

He was interested in other children too, and, in one of his letters he writes home of seeing twenty-three little girls in white frocks coming out of one house. He describes it as one of the prettiest sights he had ever seen.

In a letter to his wife he writes: "I pray God to watch over and direct our efforts in guarding our dear little son. . . . Oh, what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children! Nothing can compensate me for that."

After the Civil War was over General Lee turned down flattering offers and became President of Washington College at Lexington, Va. For five years he did a great work. Then he died, respected and honored of all who knew him.

February: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

A FRIEND OF CHILDREN

Theodore Roosevelt was one of the best-loved of Americans. When he died a large number of children rushed

in to tell their teachers of the sad news. One teacher in Chicago kept account, and forty-nine out of fifty of the pupils that came in to tell her said, "Teddy." The others said Mr. Roosevelt. They were not disrespectful; they just naturally thought of him in that familiar way, because he was their friend.

As a boy Theodore Roosevelt lived in New York City in a house on 20th Street, which has now been restored and is being preserved as the Roosevelt Memorial House. Theodore's father was a kindly man. He was known in his family as "Great-heart." Family prayers were a regular family institution. The "cubby-hole" was a favorite spot in the room where prayers were held. The children liked to sit beside their father in the cubby-hole during prayers, so, when they heard him coming downstairs, they used to rush to him saying, "I speak for you and the cubby-hole too." The one who got to him first was permitted to sit with him in the cubby-hole.

Theodore joined the church while he was still a boy. A little later he wanted to teach a Sunday school class, and so he went out on the street and gathered his own class together. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons he would take the members of the class out for a walk and teach the lesson out on a hillside. Later, when he went to college, he took a Sunday school class which he taught during much of his course.

When he grew up and had children of his own he loved to romp and play with them. Even after he was President of the United States the White House became the scene of many a "wild party" in which the President played hide-and-go-seek or shared in an obstacle race with the children. He loved his family; he loved his children, and he thoroughly enjoyed playing with them.

At Sagamore Hill he also romped with them and he said of such an occasion: "I had not the heart to refuse, but really it seems, to put it mildly, rather odd for a stout elderly President to be bouncing over hayricks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active midget of a competitor, aged nine years."

Of a trip which he took through Rock Creek Park in Washington with nine boys, including three of his own, he writes: "I do not think that one of them saw anything incongruous in the President's getting as bedaubed with mud as they got, or in my wiggling and clambering around jutting rocks, through cracks, and up what were really small cliff faces, just like the rest of them; and whenever any one of them beat me at any point, he felt and expressed simple and whole-hearted delight, exactly as if it had been a triumph over a rival of his own age."

One of the most interesting of the books about Theodore Roosevelt, and the one whose planning pleased him most is "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." That book reveals him as a real children's friend, interested in the things in which they are interested and delighted to tell them of all the interesting and amusing incidents which befell him. He often illustrated these letters with crude drawings, which I am sure must have pleased the children.

We shall always remember Theodore Roosevelt as a fine Christian statesman and for the many things which he did; but for nothing more worthy than the fact that he understood and loved children—other people's as well as his own.

CHAPTER VI: MARCH

The weeks preceding Easter may be used to lead pupils to decide definitely to follow Jesus Christ and also to deepen the religious life of those who are consciously trying to serve Him. When Easter falls in March the Bible stories appropriate for both Palm Sunday and Easter may be substituted on the corresponding Sundays.

CHAPTER VI

MARCH

March: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I MOMENT OF SILENCE

II LEADER: "O come, let us worship and bow down,
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

III THE LORD'S PRAYER (*In unison*)

IV HYMN: "Rejoice Ye Pure In Heart."

V PRAYER

VI HYMN: "We March, We March To Victory."

VII STORY:

A BRAVE QUEEN

Probably the bravest queen of whom we read in the Bible was Queen Esther, who risked her life for the sake of her people. There have been other good and brave queens, however. I want to tell you about Queen Kapiolani of the Hawaiian Islands. Her story is not in the Bible, but it is almost good enough to belong there.

Kapiolani was a descendant of a long line of Hawaiian kings, and she was a ruler of a large district in southern Hawaii. In spite of that fact she grew up as an ignorant, superstitious savage. The Hawaiians believed in several gods, and their religious observances sometimes included the offering of human sacrifices.

In the year 1820 American missionaries entered Ha-

waii and they were unusually successful in their work, so much so that a few years later a great Christian revival swept the whole country. Among those who were converted by the missionaries was Queen Kapiolani. She very quickly saw that Christianity was far superior to the superstitious religion which her people had. The more she learned of the truths of the Bible the more eager she became to have her people accept Christianity. They, however, were the slaves of their superstitions, and they did not dare to become Christians.

One of their objects of worship was the goddess Pele, who was supposed to dwell in the lake of molten lava in the mountain near-by.

Whenever the mountain burned or smoked, the priest of Pele appeared among the people seeking a human sacrifice, saying that the goddess was hungry and demanded food. At such times the person chosen by the priest was thrown into the crater of the volcano as an offering to the goddess. More frequently the offering consisted of hogs, white chickens, fish, fruit, and dogs.

On a high rock near the crater wall had been erected a sacred temple in honor of Pele, the dreaded goddess of fire.

As Kapiolani's faith in the true God increased and her confidence in her heathen gods grew less, she tried to break the superstitious faith of her people but in vain. Something desperate had to be done, if the cruel worship of Pele was to be stopped. At last Kapiolani determined to defy Pele in her own domains.

When her followers heard of this they did everything in their power to discourage her. Even her husband, although he was a Christian, urged her not to undertake so dangerous a venture, but her mind was made up.

Finally about eighty of her followers agreed to go with her to the summit of the mountain.

The distance from the palace to the burning mountain (Kilauea) was about one hundred miles in a straight line. Kapiolani insisted on taking this direct route though it lay over jagged mountain peaks and rough lava beds. As she advanced the people came in crowds from the villages to watch her and her followers. Many people urged her to turn back. To all of these she replied, "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pele, but if I am not destroyed, you must all turn to the only true God."

After this long and difficult journey Kapiolani reached the base of the mountain and began to ascend it. Here she was met by a priestess of Pele who threatened her with terrible calamities if she proceeded. Kapiolani read the priestess some verses from the Bible and pressed on. Finally she was at the very edge of the crater. She picked and ate the sacred berries without offering any to Pele—and nothing happened. She openly defied Pele—and nothing happened. She threw stones into the crater, supposed to be the home of Pele—and nothing happened.

Having done all this, Kapiolani turned to her frightened followers and said: "My God is Jehovah. He it was who kindled these fires. I do not fear Pele. Should I perish by her wrath, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah saves me while I am breaking her taboos, then you must fear and love him. The gods of Hawaii are dead."

After this Kapiolani called upon all her people to kneel, and, after prayer, there in the very crater of the volcano, they sang a hymn of praise.

Possibly it was the story in the Old Testament of Elijah defying the priests of Baal which inspired this

heroic act on the part of Queen Kapiolani. The story of her heroism spread from one end to the other of Hawaii. The power of Pele was broken forever.

All of that was in December of the year 1824. Kapiolani lived for seventeen years after that, and she was of great help to the missionaries. Christianity continued to spread and schools and churches were established all over Hawaii. In 1863 the work had progressed so far that the missionaries were withdrawn as their help seemed to be needed no longer. Rarely in the history of the world has the work of foreign missionaries been so quickly and so completely successful as here.

Since that time the arrival of large numbers of Japanese, Koreans, and Filipinos in Hawaii has made necessary the opening of missionary work among these groups; but the impress of the remarkable life and Christian heroism of Queen Kapiolani is still making itself felt in Hawaii.

VIII HYMN: "Fight The Good Fight."
IX BENEDICTION

March: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Soldiers of Christ, Arise."

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

How must does it cost to be a Christian?

The answer to that question depends a good deal upon where it is asked, and when. If you had asked it during the years when Jesus was preaching in Galilee, or, for that matter, during any of the centuries immediately following, you would have found that it was a rather expensive matter to become a Christian. Often it cost not only all that a man possessed but even his life.

In some parts of the world, even today, becoming a Christian costs an individual his friends, his home, his business, and other things which ordinarily a man considers rather valuable. It is hard for us to understand such a situation because in America it has become so popular to be a Christian that, instead of losing anything by announcing one's loyalty to Jesus Christ, there is a very distinct advantage in being known as a Christian. All the "best people" in American are Christians. Socially and from a business point of view the Christian usually has the advantage of the non-Christian.

Today I wish to tell you a story which came out of the early days when it was not so easy to be a Christian as it is today.

During the reign of the Roman governor, Marcus Aurelius, about the year 155 A.D., there was a very severe persecution of the Christians. Aurelius himself was not a cruel man, but he believed so thoroughly in his old religions and was so convinced that Christianity was a dangerous religion that he allowed the persecution to go on.

At that time the great church father Polycarp was still living. He was one of the beloved bishops of the early Christian church. He had met and talked with many who had seen Jesus, while he was still living and preaching. Among these was John the beloved disciple. It was said that John had even consecrated Polycarp as a bishop.

When the persecution against the Christians broke out, Polycarp, although now an old man, was sought by the persecutors. Some of Polycarp's friends, knowing that he was in danger, urged him to flee to another town. His pursuers followed him. When they arrived at the place they did not know where to find Polycarp. At last

they caught two boys. The boys did not want to tell, but they were whipped until one of them broke down and told where Polycarp was stopping.

It was late and Polycarp had already gone to bed. His friends came to him and urged him to escape to another house. This he refused to do. Instead of that he went down, greeted his pursuers, and spoke pleasantly to them. He even gave them food to eat, and then he begged for an hour in which to pray.

When his pursuers finally saw Polycarp face to face, they were so impressed that they did not want to see him injured. They urged him to say, "Lord Cæsar," and to offer sacrifice and thus save himself.

To this Polycarp would not consent. He was, therefore, taken before the proconsul. This officer urged Polycarp to deny Christ in order that he might be set free.

Polycarp answered: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never once wronged me; how then shall I blaspheme my King, who hath saved me? I am a Christian; if you desire to learn the Christian doctrine, set me a day, and you shall hear it."

Then the proconsul said, "I have wild beasts and I will expose you to them unless you repent."

"Call for them," replied Polycarp.

Seeing that this did not frighten the aged man, the proconsul said, "I will tame you with fire."

Then said Polycarp, "You threaten me with fire, which burns for an hour and is soon extinguished. Why do you delay? Do whatever you please."

A lion was called for, but the keeper refused to release the beast.

Polycarp was then led to a stake and tied.

As the fire was lighted, he said, "O Father, I bless thee that thou hast counted me worthy to receive my portion among the number of the martyrs."

We are glad that today men and women are no longer burned at the stake for becoming Christians, but we are also proud that, throughout its history, Christianity has had those who were willing to lay down their lives rather than to disown their Master.

March: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "God Is My Strong Salvation."

"LET US PRAY!"

A man lost in the woods discovers that he can get along without many things which he had supposed he could not get along without. Street cars, telephones, newspapers, electric lights, and other modern conveniences have their place, but a man may live without any of them. A man in the woods may live even without a house or clothing; deprive him of food, however, and he begins to grow weak and soon dies; take away water, and he collapses even sooner; place him where he cannot get air and in a few minutes he has perished. Some things are of fundamental importance to his existence; other things are not.

Somewhat the same relation as food, water, and air bear to the physical life, prayer bears to the religious life. A man may be religious without cathedral architecture, stained-glass windows, or elaborate ritual, but he cannot be religious without prayer. This is as true of the most primitive religious as of Christianity.

If you were to travel in Africa, you might see the ignorant native cast a votive stone on a pile by the way as

he passed; it is his way of praying. If you watch a Buddhist, you will soon find him turning his prayer wheel. In the wild regions of Thibet you may find prayer flags tied to trees. The Indian fakir lies on a bed of spikes or undergoes other self-inflicted tortures; it is his way of praying. If you go back to the very earliest written records of man, you find them filled with prayers and references to prayer. Everywhere and at all times the religious man has prayed.

It is in the Christian religion, however, that prayer has found its true place. Jesus not only lived a life of prayer, but he had much to say about prayer, and he took time to teach his disciples how to pray. The prayer of the Christian is different from the prayer of other men because the God of the Christian is a God of love, and a God best described by the word "Father." Such a God is more than anxious to commune with and to do for his children. Praying for the Christian is, therefore, a delight, for there is everything to gain and nothing to fear from such a God.

Although prayer is a natural expression of the Christian life yet we have to learn how to pray aright. Jesus used to teach his disciples how to pray, and he left them a model for all their prayers. I am going to read you that model and I want you to think about the meaning of each phrase as I speak it.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For

thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

It would be a good thing if you would read that prayer often and see if your prayers are anything like it.

March: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Light of the World We Hail Thee."

MEN WHO PRAYED

Last week we spoke of the fact that men of all races and conditions of life pray. We might even go further and say that sooner or later every man prays. The hard places of life drive a person to prayer. When a man is in a bad fix, there is nothing left to do but pray. Thus, in the great World War men who were never known to pray before were driven to prayer.

A chaplain asked a wounded soldier in the hospital, "Do you ever pray?" "Well," replied the man, "I prayed in the fight last Saturday. I guess everybody prayed there."

A man should pray whenever he feels the impulse to pray, but there is a higher use of prayer than the one just suggested. What would you think of a boy who never paid any attention to his father except when he needed his father's help in order to get out of difficulty? It is far better when the son comes to his father frequently for friendly conference, when he often seeks his father's advice, and when he makes his father his friend and confidante. A Christian should not be content to call upon his God in times of emergency and need only; instead he should be on such intimate terms with his God that he speaks to him frequently and freely.

The men who have accomplished the greatest good in the world have, for the most part, been men who have had very definite habits of prayer. We read that Daniel "kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God." Mark, in speaking of Jesus, says, "And in the morning, a great while before day, he rose up and went out, and departed into a desert place, and there prayed." Paul was continually in prayer. It is said that Martin Luther prayed four hours each day, and that when he had much work to do he lengthened his periods of prayer that he might work more effectively. George Washington was able to carry his great load of responsibility because he was often in prayer, and we know from Abraham Lincoln's own words that he was frequently on his knees in prayer.

Few men have had a more beautiful prayer life than that wonderful hero of Africa, David Livingstone. Possibly the fact that he was shut off for much of his life from people of his own race made his habits of prayer more necessary to him. At any rate, they have become almost proverbial. Whenever the signal was placed outside his tent his followers knew that Livingstone was not to be disturbed. No matter how urgent the business, nor how full the day's work might be, it could wait while Livingstone talked with God in prayer. It was fitting that this man, who had worked so hard and suffered so much for his Master, should close his life in the heart of the Dark Continent while he was on his knees in prayer alone with his God. His helpers thought his period of prayer was a little longer than usual that last morning. When they finally entered his tent they found that he had died quietly on his knees.

The boy or girl who would keep his own life pure and

sweet and make it count for Jesus Christ would do well to think of these men of the past who have found prayer so essential to their success. It is a good plan for all of us to set aside regular time and places for prayer so that it may not be crowded out and our lives made weak and shallow as a result.

March: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Lord, For Tomorrow and Its Needs."

THE UNWISE PRAYER OF A GOOD BOY

Olive Schreiner, in her "Story of an African Farm," tells an incident in the life of little Waldo, a boy in the Kaffir region of Africa.

Waldo had heard his father read from the Bible the words, "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." He was impressed with the words and he determined to find out if they were really true. He decided to make an offering to his God and then to pray for fire to come down from heaven and consume it. Thus he would test both himself and his God. The idea occurred to him as he tended his sheep in the field.

Accordingly Waldo rose from the ledge of rock where he lay watching his flock. He took twelve small stones and placed them in the form of an altar. Upon the altar he placed the mutton chop which had been given him for his dinner.

Then, he kneeled in the red sand near his crudely made altar and prayed: "O God, my father, I have made thee a sacrifice. If the lambs were mine, I would give thee one; but now I have only this meat. Please, my Father,

send fire down from heaven and burn it. I ask it for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Little Waldo knelt down with his face to the ground. The fierce sun beat upon his head and upon his altar. He was certain that when he looked up he would see the glory of God. For fear his very heart stood still and his breath came heavily. At last he looked up. Above him was the blue sky, about him was the red earth, and there, unchanged, was his altar.

Again Waldo prayed and all the long afternoon he cried out in agony and waited, but nothing happened except that the sun melted the grease in the mutton chop and the red ants tried to devour it. At last the sun began to slip behind the hills. Waldo arose, broke down his altar, and throw the mutton chop far down the hillside. Depressed and discouraged, he followed his sheep homeward.

Now, there were some fine things about Waldo and his prayer. His simplicity, his sincerity, his determination to believe in his God, were all most commendable; but Waldo had missed one of the essential elements in the prayer of a Christian. His prayer was simply for his own satisfaction. He had prayed selfishly. Jesus assumed that his followers would make the spreading of his kingdom the chief thing in their prayers as well as in their lives. When President Wilson told General Pershing to ask for whatever he needed, and it would be supplied, it was understood, even though nothing was said about it, that all of General Pershing's requests would have some relation to the winning of the war.

In a similar way it is expected that the followers of Jesus will, even in their prayers, make his purposes theirs. Jesus was interested in making the world a better place in which to live and in teaching people to love one another.

That does not mean that we are not to pray for ourselves. Indeed, we should often pray for ourselves, that we may be kept from evil and that we may have those things which will make us stronger and better workers for our Master; but we should watch our prayers to see that they do not become mere petitions for special demonstrations and special enjoyments for our own selfish ends. Prayer has a more worthy use than that, and the sooner we find it the richer our lives will be.

CHAPTER VII: APRIL

The stories of the month are devoted to heroes of that great adventure of the Church during the past century, the foreign mission enterprise. They should make the pupils more eager to share in that enterprise with their prayers, their money, and their lives.

CHAPTER VII

APRIL

April: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE:

I LEADER: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord,
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood.
And hath not sworn deceitfully."

II RESPONSE BY SCHOOL CHOIR:
"God is in his holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before him."

III THE LORD'S PRAYER (*In unison*)

IV HYMN: "Fling Out The Banner."

V PRAYER

VI HYMN: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

VII STORY:

CROWDING A GREAT WORK INTO A SHORT LIFE

Thirty-five years is a short time to live, but long enough to accomplish very important things if we use our time to advantage; in fact some of the most important things in the world have been done by young men. America herself was settled by young men. The Pilgrim Fathers were young men still in the age of adventure when they came here to establish their new home.

This morning I want to tell you a story of a young man who died at thirty-five years of age, but, who, in spite of that fact, accomplished so much that his memory has remained fresh for over a century.

April, 1783, there was born in one of the rough and stony counties of Connecticut a baby boy. As if a humble beginning in a rough country were not enough to consign this boy to oblivion, he was given the then very much overworked name of Samuel. Samuel J. Mills he was called.

The story of the life of Samuel J. Mills does not read like a romance, nor does it sound like the story of a hero and a pioneer; yet Mills was both of these. He grew up as other boys in Connecticut had grown up and like many another boy went to Williams College, where he was graduated in the year 1809. He then entered Andover Theological Seminary. He completed his seminary course and spent a short time in home-mission work in the Southwest. He was sent to Africa to help choose the location for a colony of American Negroes and on his way back he died, June 16, 1818.

He lived only thirty-five years, and there is not even a tombstone to mark his grave, for he was buried in the Atlantic Ocean. After the lapse of a century, however, we think and speak of him with reverence, and he is remembered as one of our great Christian heroes and statesmen. He never did any foreign-mission work himself, yet he is known as "the father of foreign missions in America." He was one of those great men who are able to do through others the work which is denied to them personally.

The foreign-mission idea did not originate with Mills, but he was the first whose faith made it a reality. His

work led directly to the founding of the American Board, the first foreign-missionary society in the United States, and indirectly to the organization of all similar societies. Out of his fertile brain and consecrated heart came also the suggestion that brought into existence the American Bible Society.

Thus, this young man, who died at an age when many men are just beginning their lifework, left behind him influences which have reached to the farthest corners of the earth and which have increased as the years have passed.

In order that you may understand what sort of a person Samuel J. Mills was I must tell you the most famous incident in his life.

If you had been bold enough to walk out in a driving thunder-storm on a Saturday afternoon in the year 1806, in the vicinity of Williams College, and had taken the opportunity for eavesdropping around a certain haystack not far from the college, you might have heard the voice of Samuel J. Mills, saying in deadly earnest to a group of companions, "We can do it if we will." Mills and several other freshmen and sophomores had been holding a prayer meeting in a near-by grove. The meeting was interrupted however, by a severe storm, and they sought the protection of the haystack.

The circumstances may not have seemed very favorable for the starting of a great movement, yet it was here, under these curious conditions, that Mills took the opportunity to present to his college friends something which had long been on his mind. It was nothing less than the organization of a group pledged to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to the lands beyond the seas.

As a result of this gathering there was organized a

group of young men known as the "Brethren." To this group Samuel J. Mills often repeated his favorite expression, "We can do it if we will"; and it was his zeal, enthusiasm, and faith which held the group together.

Some years later several of these Williams College boys found themselves students at Andover Seminary. Here they became associated with Adoniram Judson and several other kindred spirits. Their conferences and their prayers led them to present, in June, 1810, a paper to a group of ministers near Boston. In this paper they modestly told of their ambition to preach the gospel to the people in foreign lands and inquired whether any group in America was willing to back them in the enterprise. The four young men who signed this paper were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell. There were several other young men who stood ready to sign, but their names were omitted lest the older men in the ministry might be alarmed over the numbers. The organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was the direct result of this appeal, and within a few years missionaries were actually at work in the foreign field.

To-day a suitable monument marks the spot where five Williams College students, under the leadership of Samuel J. Mills, took refuge in a haystack, and where the biggest enterprise which the American church has undertaken was born. The monument has upon it the inscription "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions" and also the words "The Field Is the World."

In the year 1897 the World Student Federation held its second meeting at Williamstown. At one of the sessions on the old haystack grounds Mills' story was told, and his well-known words quoted: "We can do

it if we will." From this gathering the students went away feeling that they had by the experience gotten into their lives something of the courage and faith which possessed Samuel J. Mills. The appropriate hymn with which they closed the service was "Onward, Christian Soldiers." As we sing it this morning may we not think of Samuel J. Mills, the man who, though he lived but a few years, succeeded in doing a great work for Jesus Christ and in earning the title, the "father of foreign missions in America."

VIII HYMN: "Onward, Christian Soldiers."
IX BENEDICTION

April: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "O Zion Haste."

THE POST OF HONOR

In the year 1893 there landed at Ellis Island a little Danish immigrant girl, twelve years of age. If you had seen her when she arrived in this country you would not have thought her particularly different from the thousands of other children who, with their parents, have come to our shores from foreign lands. She came with her father and mother and brothers and sisters. Christine Iverson was her name.

Instead of stopping in New York City the Iversons, with other Scandinavian immigrants, headed for the bleak plains of South Dakota, not far from the Sioux Indian Reservation. There they established their home.

Christine's parents were Christian people and Christine had attended school in Denmark. In those days, however, there was neither school nor church in the section of South Dakota where the Iversons lived. The Iverson

children were not used to Indians, but they had heard many wild tales about them, and they were often in great fear at having them for neighbors.

After a while Christine's parents sent her to Chamberlain, South Dakota to attend school. There it was that she got hold of a good book entitled, "The Post of Honor." It made a great impression upon Christine, and, although she was only a little immigrant girl, she decided to become a foreign missionary. Two years later she went to Yankton, South Dakota where she again attended school. Here it was that she joined the church and here that she had her first experience as a member and worker in a Christian Endeavor Society.

With a strong purpose now in her life to become a missionary, Christine kept on with her studies, and fifteen years later she was graduated with distinction from one of our leading medical schools.

The way to an education was not, however, strewn with roses. She was able to get through high school in Yankton only by doing housework in a private family and by making all her own clothes. In fact, after she was thirteen years of age, she probably never had a dress that she did not make with her own hands. In spite of that it is said that her clothes were always well made and becoming. After one year at college she taught school for two years to earn money, and later she worked as a nurse. At medical college her work was so good that she became an assistant to one of the professors.

After she had graduated from the medical school at Ann Arbor, she was again obliged to go to work to repay the money which she had borrowed for her education. When her debts were paid she showed that she had remained faithful to her original purpose by

immediately applying for appointment as a foreign missionary to work among the Mohammedans of Arabia. She was accepted and was soon on her way to her chosen field.

It was arranged that she should visit Denmark on her way to the East, and so the little girl, who had left her native land only a few years before, returned as an accomplished and charming golden-haired American doctor of medicine. She had the spirit of our great West and she was thoroughly American.

The people to whom Dr. Christine Iverson was going greatly needed a woman missionary, and especially a doctor. Her profession gave her almost immediate access to the homes of the people and gave her a chance to carry to them the spirit and teaching of the Master she had come to serve. She got into the homes of the educated and prosperous as well as the poor, and she very soon won the confidence of those with whom she came in contact. Often she spent her days in little villages ministering to the sick women and distributing Testaments. She also got out among the Bedouin women whose husbands owned large herds of horses, camels, and sheep.

Interesting things happen on the mission field and before Dr. Iverson had been in Arabia very long, in fact while she was still studying the Arabic language, she fell in love with Dr. Arthur Bennett, a young doctor whom she had met at the University of Michigan and who had preceded her to Arabia. In 1911 these two fine young people were married; and, from that time forward, they labored together for Arabia, until they became the victims of events beyond their control.

They settled in Busrah, a city of more than 60,000

people just at the head of the Persian Gulf, where a fine new hospital had just been completed. There were a million people in the country round about. Mrs. Bennett took charge of the work for women and her husband the work for men. They were overwhelmed with patients, and the hospital, which was the only one within a radius of three hundred miles, soon became self-supporting. Mrs. Bennett was not only professionally skillful, but she was also blessed with an unusually sunny and attractive personality, which was a great asset to the work. She spoke Arabic fluently, and she liked the Arabs. They in turn liked her.

She found much eye trouble among the women, and she used to perform several hundred eye operations in a single year. Huts were erected for the care of lepers and large numbers of them were treated. The hospital work did not, however, keep Mrs. Bennett from continuing her visitations to the homes of the needy, or from keeping up her excursions into the Bedouin country. On these latter trips she and her husband lived in the tents with their hosts as they followed their herds from one grazing spot or watering place to another.

There was much here to remind her of the plains of Dakota which she had known as a girl. As she watched the shepherds with their sheep she discovered a new meaning in such verses of Scripture as, "I am the good shepherd, and I know mine own and mine own know me," or, "As a lamb before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

She often listened at the sunset hour to hear these sons of the desert standing side by side with their servants and crying out, "God is great! God is great!

There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The Bennetts were coming to understand the Arabs and a great work was being done—then came the World War. Even in far-off Arabia the war was felt. The British approached and the hospital was filled with wounded. The doctors worked almost night and day. Then the Turks fled and the British appeared. Still the wounded Turks were brought in, sometimes as many as a hundred a day—all prisoners of war. Doctors and nurses were taxed to the limit. Then came typhoid fever and malaria—and then typhus. Dr. Arthur Bennett was stricken and became unconscious. Dr. Christine Bennett continued her work at the hospital and cared for her husband as well. The strain was too much and she too was stricken.

When Dr. Arthur Bennett regained consciousness early in April, 1916, he learned that on the 21st of March, in a tent next to his own, his beloved wife had passed away, and that her body had been buried in the little cemetery near-by.

There was sadness in many hearts in Arabia when Dr. Christine Bennett laid down her life as one of the many sacrifices of the great war, but she had remained true to her purpose and had died at the "Post of Honor."

April: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Jesus Shall Reign."

HE IS NOT DEAD. HE LIVES

The father of Theodore Leighton Pennell died in England when Theodore was only nine years old. Guided by his mother Theodore went through the university

and graduated with honor from medical school in the year 1886.

Where should he practice?

Theodore answered that question by deciding to go out as a foreign missionary. For a field he chose the very northern part of India next to the border of Afghanistan where fierce men refused to let the missionaries cross the line. Theodore had always loved stories of adventure, and possibly that is one reason he chose so difficult and dangerous a field. He loved the great open spaces of God's out-of-doors.

Theodore's mother was very glad to have him become a missionary, but, when the time approached for his departure, she could not bear to think of being separated from her son, so she settled the matter by going with him.

Dr. Pennell learned the language with great rapidity, and, before he had been in India a year, he was settled in his work at a place called Bannu. It was a strange and wild country, and many of the Afghans found their way across the border. In fact most of Dr. Pennell's work was with Afghans. He had been at Bannu but a month when he had as many as 220 patients a day, some of them coming many miles to see him.

The native doctors had two main types of treatment. One was to wrap a patient in the warm hide of a recently killed sheep or goat, with the raw side next to the otherwise naked body of the patient. Sometimes other covers were added and the patient left in this strange condition for several days. Curiously enough the treatment often cured the disease. Another method was to roll a piece of cloth into a hard ball, soak it in oil, place it on the afflicted part and set fire to it. On

one patient Dr. Pennell found fifty scars caused by this sort of treatment.

Dr. Pennell saw that a hospital was necessary so he built one. Sometimes the patients, however, would ask not to be placed near a window lest some enemy in passing would shoot them from the public road.

Dr. Pennell's reputation spread. He was called upon to make long and dangerous trips. He had to swim swollen streams, sleep in mud huts, and eat any food he could get hold of. Once in mid-stream the cartilage of his knee slipped and he was being carried down stream because of his resulting helplessness. In his desperate predicament he prayed that his knee might right itself, and in a few moments it snapped back into position, and Dr. Pennell was able to swim to the opposite shore. His clothing had been left behind, but he secured a sheet and was soon on his way. Mohammedan enemies told strange lies about him, and his life was often in danger as a result. They said that his medicines were filled with concoctions which would make a person Christian whether he wanted to be one or not. On some of these trips the doctor would treat as many as two hundred patients a day, perhaps performing twenty operations of one sort or another.

Dr. Pennell adopted the clothes of the people among whom he labored and he ate the native foods. In fact he learned the language so well and came to look and act so much like one of the natives that, on trains and in other public places, he was often denied the privileges accorded to other Englishmen, because he could not make people believe that he was not a native. This did not worry him, however, for he was glad to be so thoroughly identified with the people for whom he worked.

Coming to a village of outlaws late at night he slept with six guards around him. Some of them wished to kill him as he slept, but others said: "See, he has trusted himself entirely to our protection and, because he trusts us, he is sleeping so soundly; therefore, no harm must be done to him in our village.

Realizing the importance of the boys, Dr. Pennell established a school for them. His athletic training in England fitted him to give similar training to the boys here. He became a great favorite among them, and he succeeded in getting the Christian idea of service incorporated into their lives. Boys who had been taught the law of revenge learned from him the law of unselfish service and made it a part of their lives. Dr. Pennell's own life was such a good illustration of service that the teaching must have been helped by that fact.

Dr. Pennell was not much for vacations from his work, but, after fifteen years of service he returned to England for a brief rest. During this absence his mother, who had remained in India, died. On October 17, 1908, Dr. Pennell was married, and he and his bride returned to Bannu where they were given a magnificent reception.

Soon after he went out to visit a village where previously he had been refused a drink of water and where he and his men had been stoned. This time five hundred people came out to welcome him to the village.

For two years the work grew. Then health conditions forced Dr. Pennell to return for a short time to England. Once more he returned to Bannu. The work continued to develop and great plans were being laid for the future, but Dr. Pennell's weakened body gave out and on March 23, 1912, he died on the field of his labors.

Great crowds came to do him honor, and of him they said, "He is not dead. Our Doctor Sahib could not die. He lives."

April: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "The Morning Light Is Breaking."

A TRAIL-BLAZER

Not long ago I told you of Samuel J. Mills, that fine young man who did so many important things even though he lived but a few years. Our story today is of Adoniram Judson, a man who was a personal friend of Mills. Judson lived to be a much older man than Mills and he succeeded in doing some of the things which Mills wanted to do but never got a chance to accomplish.

In order to understand the story we shall have to go up to a small farm in the State of Massachusetts. There, in the summer of 1795, lying on his back out in the field was a seven-year-old boy. Over his face lay a straw hat, and in the crown of the hat was a carefully cut hole. The boy's eyes were red and swollen, but he was steadfastly gazing at the sun in a determined effort to discover whether it really moved or not. Just how much astronomical knowledge young Judson gathered by this unique method of study the story does not record. It is significant, however, in suggesting that, even at that tender age, he was ready to do things which no one else had done before.

A few years later the same boy might have been seen traveling over New England with a band of strolling players. This time, however, he was not known as Judson but as Johnson. He had assumed the name of

Johnson partly by accident and partly because he was a little ashamed of what he was doing.

One night while stopping at a small country inn he was obliged to listen to the groans of a young man who was dying in the room next to his own. This experience made a very deep impression upon him, and he determined to give up his roving life. He returned home, and that fall entered Andover Theological Seminary to study for the Christian ministry. He had already graduated from Brown University so that he was well prepared for such study.

It was here at Andover that Judson became acquainted with Samuel J. Mills and with the group of young men, who with Mills had become interested in what was then an entirely new idea, namely, that of going across the seas to preach the gospel to those who had never had a chance to hear it. Because Adoniram Judson was a very brilliant young man he was soon the leader of this group.

The modern foreign mission program was just beginning and Judson was appointed as one of the first missionaries ever to sail from America. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, was ordained to the ministry, and sailed for India, all in a remarkably short space of time. In those days, sailing was a slow process, and many things could happen during the long months occupied by those voyage to the Orient. One of the things that happened on this particular trip was that Judson, who had sailed as a Congregationalist, became a Baptist before he arrived in India. This created a curious situation for, up to that time, there had not been any Baptist foreign missionary society. When, however, the Baptists back in America learned that Judson had become a

Baptist their missionary vision was stirred, and the organization of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society resulted, in 1814. This was the second foreign missionary society to be organized in America.

Judson did not have an altogether easy time of it in India. There had been no one to pave the way for him and he was given no welcome; instead of that he was driven from the country. He had started out, however, to be a foreign missionary, and he refused to return to America. What he did do was to go to Burma, where he arrived in 1813. He began his work here; and, although it moved very slowly at first, he remained at the task for 37 years until he had much to show for his labors. His life here in Burma contained all of the heroic incidents, which the life of Samuel J. Mills had lacked—sickness, persecution, and imprisonment. The story of all the things which he and Mrs. Judson went through reads almost like fiction. Some day you must read it all. These early missionaries proved the sincerity of their purpose and the heroic stuff of which they were made by their courage in staying by their task at the risk of their lives.

For six years these devoted missionaries labored in season and out of season before the first convert was won; and many other years they labored translating the Bible into the Burmese language. The story of the ways in which they guarded that precious translation is an interesting one. Once they kept it hid in an old pillow for a long time. It was preserved almost by miracle; but their faithfulness in this hard job made possible a Burmese Bible for the use of all the missionaries who were to follow them. The work that Judson did paved the way for all who were to come.

It is surprising that Judson lived so long as he did, when we consider all of the things which he went through. After many years, however, he became so weakened by disease that something had to be done. He was placed on board a vessel in the hope that a sea voyage would do him good. It was to no avail. On the 10th of April, 1850, he died, and, like his friend Samuel J. Mills, he was buried at sea. Like Mills he had given his life for the foreign mission enterprise of which a few young men had dreamed back in their college days and in the founding of which he had played such an important part.

April: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "The Whole Wide World For Jesus."

YOUNG AND BRAVE

There are some heroes whose stories are soon forgotten and others whom circumstances place so firmly in our memories that they are always remembered. There probably have been many young men who were just as heroic as Melville B. Cox and others who did much more work in the world than he did; but, for reasons which you may guess, his story lives and will continue to live.

It was nearly a century ago that a young minister at a meeting of his denomination in Norfolk, Virginia, walked down the aisle of a Methodist Episcopal Church and presented himself as a candidate for the foreign mission field.

To the bishop in charge he said, "I desire very much to be sent as a missionary to South America."

One of the remarkable things about this incident is

that, up to that time, the Methodist Church had never sent any one at all into the foreign field. The frail sickly looking young man who walked down the aisle that day was destined to be the first foreign missionary of a great church. He was but the forerunner of many who were to follow in his steps.

Life had been rather unkind to Melville B. Cox. His own health had failed so that he was obliged to give up his work in the North and travel in the South for recuperation. Added to that, death had taken his young wife and his only child.

"Why not go to Liberia?" asked the bishop of this brave volunteer for foreign service.

That question was a rather difficult one to answer, for it was pretty well known that Liberia was a land of fatal fevers. The prospects of any white man who went there were for an early death; and young Cox was well aware of that fact. The Baptists had sent out one white missionary to this field, and he had very soon fallen a victim to the fever and already lay buried under the African sun.

The bishop's question was, therefore, one not to be lightly answered. Cox gave it careful consideration and finally replied, "If the Lord wills, I think I will go."

If mission boards had been as careful in those days in examining the men whom they sent to the field as they are today, Melville B. Cox probably would never have gotten an appointment. He could never have passed the physical tests required. Foreign missions in those days was, however, a new thing and candidates were not very plentiful.

As soon as arrangements could be made Cox set out on the journey to his far-away field. He knew full

well that in doing so he was practically signing his own death warrant, but that fact did not deter him.

To a friend he said: "I know I cannot live long in Africa, but I hope to live long enough to get there; and, if it please God that my bones shall lie in an African grave, I shall have established such a bond between Africa and the church at home as shall not be broken until Africa be redeemed."

To a student he said, "If I die in Africa, you must come over and write my epitaph."

"I will," the young man replied, "but what shall I write."

"Write, 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up,'" he answered.

Cox landed at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, March 7, 1833. He had no language to learn before taking up his task for Liberia was unique among all the foreign countries of the world. Its population was made up of Negro Freedmen sent from America by the Colonization Society, which had been organized in 1816 for the purpose of colonizing American Negroes, who were no longer slaves, in Africa. There was the hope also that from this settlement would go many to carry the gospel to their own people in the other parts of Africa. English was, therefore, already the language of the country.

Upon his arrival young Cox set to work with considerable more of energy than might have been expected of one who possessed so frail a body. He preached; purchased a mission house; brought the people into harmony with his plans; improved the Sunday schools; held a camp meeting; visited the people in their homes; and marked out places for missionary occupation.

For four months he labored unceasingly. Then the

fever caught him, and he died. He fell as he expected, a sacrifice upon the altar of Africa's redemption. His body lies buried in a little cemetery just outside of Monrovia, but his heroic soul still lives in the lives of many young men and women who have found inspiration for service in the story of his heroism.

CHAPTER VIII: MAY

The stories for the month center about some of the famous hymns of the church, with the exception of one story inserted for special use in connection with Mother's Day.

CHAPTER VIII

MAY

May: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE.

I MOMENT OF SILENCE

II LEADER: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord." "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

III HYMN: "Oh For a Thousand Tongues to Sing."

IV SCRIPTURE READING: *Luke* 6, 27-38 (*In unison*)

V HYMN: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

VI STORY:

"STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!"

The hymn which we are to use today is one which stirs our blood and has stirred the blood of many others. It makes us want to get up and get busy with the tasks which need to be done in the world. Because of that fact it is rather surprising to learn that it grew out of the suggestion of a young man who was on his death bed. Yet, such is the case.

The young man responsible for this remarkable hymn was Dudley A. Tyng of Philadelphia. In the year 1858 a revival was in progress in that city. One of the active

workers in it was Dudley Tyng. His work, however, was cut short by a serious accident in which his arm was badly mangled in some machinery. The arm was amputated, and Tyng died soon after as a result. As he was dying he sent this message to his fellow-workers, "Tell them, 'let us all stand up for Jesus.'"

A close friend and admirer of Tyng was the Rev. George Duffield. Shortly after the accident he preached in his own church from the text, "Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness." (Eph. 6: 14). At the conclusion of the sermon he read the hymn, which he had just written, "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus!" The song at once became widely popular. It is said to have been a special favorite of the soldiers in the Civil War. It surely has stirred the hearts of many Christians who have found their courage growing weak.

If we use our imagination a little today perhaps we can place ourselves in the position of those who knew and admired Mr. Tyng and who were acquainted with the message which came from his dying lips. If so, the hymn will have a new meaning for us.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:

Ye that are men now serve Him
  Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
  And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
  Stand in His strength alone.
The arm of flesh will fail you,
  Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
  Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
  Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
  The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
  The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
  A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of Glory
  Shall reign eternally.

VII HYMN: "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus."
IX PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

May: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME"

The hymn which we are to sing this morning has been popular for nearly a century and a half. It was written in 1779 by Edward Perronet, a close personal friend and fellow-worker of John Wesley. Wesley writes of Perronet's boldness in the face of angry mobs and of the courageous way in which he met other dangers. Telling of one experience in which they were together in danger from fierce robbers, he writes, "We commended our souls to God, and rode over the heath singing."

This famous hymn has been translated into many languages and widely used throughout the world. Many stories connected with its use have been handed down to us.

At one time the Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary to India, saw in the streets of the city a man of an unusually wild appearance. He made inquiry and learned that the man was from a particularly wild tribe that had never heard of Jesus Christ. Scott decided to visit the tribe. As he approached the mountain fastness of these wild men, he fell in with a band of savages on a war expedition. They seized Scott and their savage spears were threatening his life, when he, expecting immediate death, closed his eyes, raised his violin, and began to play and sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" in the native language. Without opening his eyes Scott sang the first stanza and then the second. He was singing the third, expecting that every moment his words would be cut short, when he opened his eyes. To his surprise the spears had fallen from the hands of his listeners and tears were in their eyes. Not only was his life saved, but he spent two and a half years among these people telling them of Jesus Christ.

At another time George Grenfell, a missionary to Africa, was traveling down one of the tributaries of the Congo River, when he was met by a crowd of native children singing in their own language, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" As Grenfell thought of the scenes of cruelty, which had been enacted on that same river in connection with the terrible slave trade, and of the former ignorance and superstition of the people his heart was deeply stirred to know that these native

Africans could now sing with meaning words like these:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

May: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart."

LADDIE

In a humble home in Bonnie Scotland there lived a boy named Laddie. He was an only son and he was the pride of his father and the delight of his mother's heart. Nothing which the fond parents could afford was too good for their boy, but they were poor and they could afford very little. They did, however, lavish upon him their love, and the family circle was a happy one.

Events moved along without much that could be called spectacular in the home, until one day a letter came from London. The arrival of that letter marked a great day in the life of the little family. It was from a wealthy relative, and it proposed that Laddie should come to

London to live and get an education, with an opportunity to study medicine in the best schools to be found—and with all bills paid. That was a little too good an offer to refuse, and so Laddie's few personal possessions were gathered together and he went to London.

The years passed and many loving letters were exchanged between the parents and the sometimes lonely boy. Finally the time for Laddie's graduation from medical school came. Laddie had now made many friends among the wealthy young people of London and many social events were planned. Just then a most unfortunate thing happened, Laddie's father, who had been getting weaker and weaker, died. Laddie thought he would go to the funeral, but he had so many engagements that he could not get away.

Then Laddie became a real doctor. One day a little old woman with an old-fashioned dress and a rather rusty bonnet appeared at the place where he lived. It was his mother and she had planned to surprise him. He was surprised all right enough. He kissed her and welcomed her, but in some way he had never quite realized how old-fashioned she really was. He wondered what his young and gay London friends would think, if they knew he had a mother who looked like that. He imagined that he would be awfully embarrassed, if he had to introduce her to any of them.

After a time Laddie suggested that the city probably wasn't the best place for his mother, and so he proposed that he should get her a place out in the suburbs where he would provide what she needed. The quick mother heart, however, saw that which was back of it all and she was very sad. That night she asked the privilege of putting Laddie in bed as she had done so many times

before. When he was ready she covered him with warm blankets, tucked them in carefully about him and then kissed him. After she had put out the light and left the room, Laddie began to feel rather ashamed of himself, and he decided that she must stay with him and that he would take her among his friends, introduce her to them, and let them think what they wished, for he knew that she was the best mother in the world.

This decision eased Laddie's conscience and he went to sleep. When he awoke he went to his mother's room, but her bed had not been used. When he looked for her he found to his amazement that she was gone. At last he came upon a brief note telling how she loved him and how she did not want to be in his way and had determined to go away.

It was a sad situation for Laddie. For months he searched the streets of London, but to no purpose. He would have done anything to get his mother back, and to tell her how ashamed he was of himself, and how much he loved her, but she seemed to have disappeared entirely.

One day Laddie was in the hospital attending to his regular duties. In the corner of the room, shut off by a screen, was a bed.

As Laddie was about to leave he inquired what patient might be in the corner back of the screen.

"It's an old woman who was run over by a cab," was the reply.

Then some one added, "she is terribly hurt, and she can't hope to get well. She is delirious most of the time, but she keeps calling out in her delirium for Laddie!"

In an instant Laddie was back of the screen, and there

on the cot lay his lost mother. With a cry he threw his arms about her, but even his love could not save her. Before she died she knew that Laddie was with her, and that he loved her and was not ashamed of his love. She didn't mind dying after that.

Laddie lived for many years and became a great doctor, but his life was always touched with sadness when he thought of his mother and the fact that once he had been so foolish and so selfish as to be a little ashamed of her.

May: *Fourth Sunday*

SUGGESTED HYMN: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

Most of the great and worth while things are done—not by people who set out to do something great or wonderful, but by individuals who, in the midst of the day's work or in the face of some crisis, do the thing that needs to be done then and there. So it was with the writing of the hymn which we are going to sing this morning, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

On Saturday, the 29th of May, 1819, Reginald Heber a young minister was visiting in the home of his father-in-law in whose pulpit he was to preach the following day. The plan was to take a missionary collection in connection with the service, and some one suggested that they ought to have a missionary hymn to sing.

Now, at that time the missionary enterprise was new, and there were no missionary hymns to be had. It was suggested that young Heber write a hymn for use the following day. Acting upon the suggestion he retired to a quiet corner of the room, and in a little while had com-

pleted "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Fortunately the copy made by Heber himself has been preserved all these years, and it was sold not long ago for two hundred and ten dollars, an amount said to be larger than that received in the missionary offering the first day it was used.

Curiously enough the music for the hymn was written about as rapidly as the words. The hymn was sent from England to Savannah, Georgia, where a young music teacher, Lowell Mason, wrote in thirty minutes the tune to which we shall sing this famous hymn today.

That the hymn came right out of the heart of Reginald Heber is clearly shown by the fact that he went out to India as a Christian missionary soon after writing it, and laid down his life in missionary service there.

Heber wrote fifty-seven hymns altogether, and, it is said, that every one of them is still in use today. Some of the best known of Heber's hymns are: "The Son of God Goes Forth To War," "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," and "Bread of the World In Mercy Broken."

Heber's missionary hymn is his most famous production. Some one has said that it has done more for missions than all the missionary sermons ever preached. That probably is an exaggeration, but it suggests what an important part the hymn has played in the history of missions.

I want to read you the words before we sing them.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

May: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee."

"O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE"

One of the greatest hymns in the English language is Dr. Washington Gladden's hymn, "O Master, Let me Walk With Thee."

Dr. Gladden was born in Pottsgrove, Pa., in 1836. After finishing his education he entered the Congregational ministry. For some years he did editorial work, serving five years as editor of the *Independent*. He also

wrote many books characterized by sound practical wisdom and keenness of Christian insight. He believed in practical Christianity and he showed his sincerity by taking an active part in the affairs of his city, Columbus, Ohio, where he long served as pastor of the leading Congregational church. For years he was by common consent known as the "First citizen of Columbus."

Washington Gladden will long be remembered for many good things, but for nothing finer than having written the hymn which we are to sing today. It is said that he wrote the hymn for his own encouragement at a time when he was under criticism for his broad interpretation of the meaning of Christianity.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray,
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

CHAPTER IX: JUNE

The stories for the month are of persons who met and overcame obstacles or who have rendered genuine service in spite of handicaps. They should stimulate the desire and strengthen the purpose on the part of the hearers to live lives of service regardless of the limitations and difficulties which appear to be in the way.

CHAPTER IX

JUNE

June: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE.

I MUSICAL PRELUDE

II CALL TO WORSHIP: "The Lord is in his holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before him!" (Sung by school choir or used as opening sentence by the leader.)

III MOMENT OF SILENT PRAYER

IV PRAYER OF ADORATION (*By leader*)

V HYMN: "When Morning Gilds the Skies."

VI LUKE 15:11-24 (*In unison*)

VII HYMN: "Take My Life And Let It Be."

VIII STORY:

A LITTLE GIRL GROWN UP

The most fascinating things in the whole world are boys and girls. One reason for that is that you never can tell just how a boy or a girl is going to turn out or what he or she may become. Every youth holds within himself a great mystery which only the years can unfold.

I want to tell you of a little girl whom you would probably have considered about as insignificant as any girl you could find. It was down in the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina that a little Negro girl named Mary lived. She was one of 17 children living in a poor little

cabin and doing her full share of work in the cotton fields. She had few clothes and they were not of the best sort.

Then, one day Mary heard that five miles away a mission school had been opened, and so she walked day after day to that mission school—five miles in the morning, then a day of study, and five miles home again at night.

About this time there was, out in Colorado, a good Christian woman, who became interested in the work of this South Carolina school. She was not a rich woman, in fact she had to work for all of the money which she had. She was a dressmaker and with her needle she earned the money to support herself and also to give to missions. She conceived the idea of adopting one of the girls in this mission school in South Carolina of which she had heard. She wrote to the teacher in the school, and Mary was chosen to be the recipient of this good woman's help.

The money which the dressmaker earned with her needle made it possible for Mary to go to school, and she succeeded in getting a very good education.

With her education completed, Mary began to look around her to see how she could best work for the advancement of her own people. The result was that she went down to Daytona, Florida, and there, with about fifty cents in money, began a school for Negro girls, who, like herself, were not having a fair chance at life.

Now it happened that Mary was in many respects a most unusual girl for she had courage and energy and the other things which go along with it. The school which began so humbly grew and grew. It would be a long story to record all the things that that school has accomplished, but it has meant a new life to thousands

of Negro girls who have attended it. It has brought them education in the ordinary sense and also training in the art of homemaking and in those various activities which have made it possible for them to go out and earn their own living in a respectable and helpful way.

To-day Mary M. Bethune is the head of the school the Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute, which started with fifty cents in money. It now has many fine buildings, making a property worth $300,000, and a large body of fine students, and there are plans for still greater things in the future.

We tell this story chiefly to help you to understand the value of every life no matter if it be that of a little Negro girl on a cotton plantation and also to suggest how much we accomplish sometimes when we contribute of our money to the helping of those who are less fortunate. Little Mary on the cotton plantation could not foretell that she would have a great chance to bring new life to thousands of Negro girls in America, and the humble dressmaker in Colorado could not foresee that the girl that she was aiding would become one of the outstanding Negro woman of the country. But that is the way that things work out and it is an inspiration to all of us to do our best and to trust God for results.

IX PRAYER

X RESPONSE: "Break thou the bread of life" (First stanza sung softly by school or school choir).

XI IN UNISON: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer!"

June: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Lean On, O King Eternal."

THE SMALL BEGINNING OF A GREAT MOVEMENT

More than a century ago there wandered one day into a church in Marietta, Ohio a "good-for-nothing" Negro. At least that was what folks called him, for he was continually falling under the influence of liquor, and was known as a drunkard. That Negro was John Stewart, and in that little church he was converted. From it he departed a changed man.

Soon after Stewart's conversion he went out into the fields alone to pray. While in prayer he seemed to feel a call to go up into what was then the wilderness of northwestern Ohio. Responding to this call he took a knapsack on his back and started out not knowing really where he was going to stop.

Through dense woods and over roads beset with many difficulties he made his way as far as Goshen, where he fell in with the Delaware Indians. The Indians were just getting ready for a dance. Stewart began to sing a religious song. They urged him to sing more. He did so and then preached to them.

Having done what he seemed to be bidden, Stewart started to return to Marietta. On his way back he stopped at Upper Sandusky. Among the Wyandotte Indians of that place Stewart found a fugitive slave of his own race. This man could speak both the English language and the Wyandotte dialect. To him Stewart said, "I must preach to these Indians and you must interpret." The two men prayed that night and the next day Stewart preached. His entire audience consisted of one old squaw. The next

day an old man also came and Stewart's audience was thus increased to two. The following day eight or ten Indians attended the service, and before many days they were coming in considerable numbers. There were many conversions.

The fame of Stewart's work spread, and many contributions began to come in for it. A cultured young woman went into the wilderness to follow up Stewart's preaching and help make permanent its results. All of this resulted in the organization April 5, 1819, of the Bible and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was the third national missionary society organized in America, and it had its beginning in the conversion of a drunken Negro in a frontier town in Ohio.

June: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "I Would Be True."

HE REFUSED TO GIVE UP

There are few of us who do not have things in our lives which seem to handicap us at every point and which we often wish to see removed. Sometimes it is the limitation of health, sometimes of home conditions, sometimes of what seems to be lack of opportunity.

Now, there are three ways to deal with such situations, one very poor and the other two very good. The very worst thing to do is to sit down and pity oneself or to allow one's life to become soured. A better way is to get busy and remove the limitation. When that is impossible, a person may always make use of the limitation itself to enrich the life in another way. Many times has this been

done so successfully that an individual has thanked God for permitting what seemed at first to be an affliction.

Some years ago a young man in Kansas discovered that he had tuberculosis. Perhaps no circumstance could be more disheartening than this to a young man with ambition to succeed in life and make a home of his own. Enos Mills, however, was not one to give up without a fight. He left his home and went to the mountains of Colorado, there to live in the open and, if possible, prolong his life. Surely this was a good way to bury oneself from public attention, but Enos Mills was not of the sort to be buried, either literally or figuratively. As he clambered over the mountains he began to observe and to record the weather, the trees, and other interesting items of nature. He became official "snow man" of Colorado, and in the dead of winter he would climb to the tops of the highest mountains to make observations.

The years passed, and Enos Mills's fame began to spread beyond the limits of Colorado. The President of the United States heard of him, and Mr. Mills was made national lecturer on forestry. Then he began to write books: "Wild Life in the Rockies," "The Spell of the Rockies," "In Beaver Land," and "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland." He traveled extensively outside of Colorado and had the distinction of having slept in the open in every State in the Union. He acquired a good education, made friends among the best people, and made a wide and enviable reputation for himself—all because the limitations of a tubercular body forced him to hide himself in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

By insisting that even his limitation should enrich his life, Enos Mills gained a compensation which transformed his affliction into a blessing.

June: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "True-hearted, Whole-hearted."

SOME REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF A REMARKABLE MAN

In the South Seas several thousands miles southwest of San Francisco are many islands. Upon one of those islands there landed, a little more than one hundred years ago, a young man and his bride. They were missionaries from England. The young man's name was John Williams.

The new missionary found that he had hit upon a place where nature was very lavish, but where missionary work was very hard. The natives were content to eat, to sleep in the shade, to ride the dangerous surf on a plank or log, and to attend public carousals. It was impossible to develop much manhood unless he could teach the natives to work. John Williams had an idea that talking alone wouldn't do much good, so he began to build himself a large and comfortable house. He had an idea that when the natives saw what he was doing they would want to do likewise. Sure enough, they did. Williams hadn't gotten very far until many of the natives were at work on houses for themselves. They needed much advice and help and Mr. Williams always stood ready to help them. He did more than just teach them how to build houses, however. Some of his most effective preaching was done with hammer or saw in hand as he talked with the men who came to him for assistance in their building.

When the house was up it must have a yard, a fence, and a garden, and in these things too Williams was imitated by the natives. His garden produced wonder-

fully here, and he wrote home about his first pumpkin which weighed one hundred and ten pounds.

A mission house was needed and this too was built with the help of the natives. It was large and beautiful with good seats, a carefully designed pulpit, and even a chandelier.

One thing distressed Williams greatly. He had no boat and so he could not get around to the many other islands not far away. He wrote home tearful letters about this. In one he said, "I cannot endure the thought. Tens of thousands perishing in islands not far remote, and to be confined to a solitary island with a few hundred inhabitants! It grieves me to the very soul! Something must be done."

On native boats and chance vessels he managed to get about some. He found people worshipping snakes, lizards, and many other things. He found that the killing of little babies was common. In one place he found rats so thick that they tried to take the food out of the hands of the natives while they were eating. During family prayers the bodies of the missionaries were overrun with rats.

Finally, after about eleven years of work, Williams found himself on an island with no means of getting away. He had expected to leave on some passing vessel, but for seven months he waited and no vessel passed. For a long time Williams had been thinking of building a vessel, and this seemed to be his opportunity. The only drawback lay in the fact that he was on a wild island, without tools or proper materials, and that he had never built a vessel before and so knew little about the problems involved.

In spite of those facts Williams laid the keel of his proposed boat and in four months a seventy-ton vessel

was afloat on the ocean. The difficulties which he overcame in the building were very great. Tools had to be invented and made, and Williams did not have so much as a forge and bellows. He killed three of the four goats on the island and used their hides to make a bellows, only to have the rats eat it up before he could use it. Then he had to make an air pump in place of the bellows. He had to make substitutes for nails and to make rope, paint, sails, and anchors out of the products which he found on the island. His ingenuity was almost uncanny. He not only had to make these things, but first to discover the very process by which they were made.

It was a great day for Williams when his new boat was ready for launching. Surely this was the most remarkable boat ever made. At any rate he got away from the island, and he used the boat for a long time afterward.

Seven years later Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned to England. When he came back to the South Seas he had a fine new boat all his own, given him by the people in England. He could now get about as he pleased.

He had been back at work a year when he was murdered by cannibals as he was attempting to land at a strange island. His bones were found later. He led an eventful life, but he laid it down for these wild people whom he loved. He loved them, not because they were lovely, but because they were his brothers in need.

June: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

THE JOY OF HELPING

Fidelia Fiske could not have been described as an "angelic child." Her mother tells us that, when Fidelia

was still a very small girl, her conduct was such as to necessitate "severe and prolonged punishment." Fidelia refused to obey her parents. She learned obedience only "through the things which she suffered," but she learned her lesson thoroughly and well. So well did she learn to obey her stern but loving father, that later she could say, "I used to hope that he might give me something hard to do, in order that I might have the pleasure of obeying him." Later in life, when she became willing to obey her heavenly Father, this habit of obedience was a great help to Miss Fiske.

When Fidelia was about three years of age, her Uncle Pliny went as a missionary to the Holy Land. Although Fidelia was then so young, this event made a very deep impression upon her. From this time on, missions formed a daily topic of conversation in the home.

When Fidelia was but four years of age, she went to school with her older sisters. Those who saw her as she left the little one-story house on the stony, Massachusetts farm, for her first day at school, scarcely could have suspected that May 1, 1916, would be noted in many parts of the world as the centennial of Fidelia Fiske's birthday.

One thing which characterized Fidelia's school work from the first, was her independence. If she had a hard lesson to prepare, a hard problem to solve, she did not go about hunting for some one to help her in her difficulties; she insisted upon doing her own work and solving her own problems. Whatever Fidelia did, was sure to be done thoroughly.

Fidelia also became a member of the Sunday school and one of its faithful attendants. One day her Sunday-school teacher asked all those who were willing to try

to become Christians to raise their hands. Every hand, except Fidelia's went up. The child didn't sleep much that night, but soon after, her religious difficulties were cleared away, and she became a happy and faithful christian and church member.

When Miss Fiske was seventeen years of age, she became a country school teacher, at which work she remained with great success for nearly six years. She then entered Mount Holyoke Seminary. She was graduated from this institution, and became one of its teachers. It was here at Mount Holyoke that she heard the call to Persia. Her characteristically humble reply to the call was, "If counted worthy, I should be willing to go."

Miss Fiske sailed for Persia March 1, 1843. About the middle of June, after having taken a long voyage and a journey of nearly eight hundred miles on horseback, Miss Fiske finally reached her field of labor at Urumiah, Persia. The entire trip had consumed about three months and a half. Part of the journey had been through a dangerous country infested with robbers.

It would be hard to describe Miss Fiske's first impressions of the country, and of the Nestorian people among whom she was to labor. She was much interested in the peculiar food and dress and the strange customs of the country; but the awful condition of the people, especially of the women and girls, weighed heavily upon her heart. The women were looked upon as drudges and slaves, and it was a well-nigh universal custom for husbands to beat their wives frequently and severely. None of the women could read, and all were shockingly profane and dishonest. The houses had but one room, no floor except the ground, and no light save that which entered through a hole in the roof.

Miss Fiske's strong desire was to establish a boarding school for girls. She writes, "The first Syriac word I learned was 'daughter.'" She then learned the verb "to give." This enabled her to go about, asking people to give her their daughters. After much effort, two girls were secured for the boarding school, and others soon followed. For a school-room she had a room with a mud floor and one oiled-paper window.

The first task of the teacher was to clean the pupils, who were amazingly filthy. The pupils were given to stealing, and anything which was not under lock and key, was likely to disappear. When questioned they would deny all knowledge of the stolen articles. The girls were also very profane and vulgar. Surely such pupils did not look very promising, yet Miss Fiske persisted year after year in the work, until she had seen scores of just such pupils transformed into clean, honest and devout Christians. The boarding school which she started at Urumiah nearly seventy-five years ago, is still doing good work there.

Miss Fiske did not limit her efforts to the girls, but she sought also to reach the women. They were like children, and when she got them together for a meeting, she could not keep them quiet. Each one wanted the others to be quiet, and each made so much noise persuading her neighbors to be still, that a regular bedlam of noises ensued. Finally Miss Fiske made the women put their fingers over their lips and she was then able to speak.

There were many curious experiences connected with Miss Fiske's work. On one occasion, she was entertained for the night in a house, with nearly twenty persons in the family, besides the hens, the sheep, and other live stock. All slept in the same room with the guest. The

one room served for cellar, storeroom, pantry, bedroom and stable.

At another time, while riding a mule over the mountains, Miss Fiske was thrown over his head and the mule tumbled upon her. One man seized the mule's tail, another his ears, and Miss Fiske was rescued unharmed. On another occasion, while crossing a river, the horse which she was riding insisted on lying down in the deepest part of the water, and Miss Fiske narrowly escaped death.

One fine incident illustrates the love of the people for Miss Fiske. It was Sunday and she had been working very hard, and was well-nigh exhausted. She had already attended Sunday school and prayer meeting, and the long preaching service which followed. After this last service, she had still another meeting. Seated on the floor, it seemed as though her back would break. Suddenly one of the native women seated herself just back of Miss Fiske, saying, "Lean on me." When Miss Fiske was about to object, the woman pulled her back, saying, "If you love me, you will lean hard." "Thus God gave me rest," says Miss Fiske. In after years, when weary and worn out, she often thought she could hear her Master saying, "If you love me, lean hard."

Although never strong, Miss Fiske continued her work for fifteen years with but little rest. At last the state of her health seemed to necessitate her return to America. A curious mixture of sadness and joy filled her heart at the thought of returning home. When she left America, fifteen years before, she tells us that she never expected to return. Persia had become her home, and it was not easy to leave behind the friends, pupils, and work of fifteen years. In America, however, her gray-haired

mother was still living, and she could look forward to a reunion with many friends.

The farewells in Persia were not easy, but it was a satisfaction to realize how much the people loved her. At last Miss Fiske actually was on her way to America. The voyage home lasted nearly three months. During an entire month, the storm-tossed vessel did not make one foot of progress. At one time, for twenty-four hours, with not a foot of canvas spread, the boat lay balancing and quivering in the waves. The voyage finally ended safely and Miss Fiske was once more in America.

A few days later she gently opened the door of her mother's room. Her mother was just requesting that an article in the room be moved. Fidelia stepped forward, saying, "Mother, Fidelia will do it." Thus she quietly stepped back into the life she had left so long ago.

Even in America she could not rest, for her services were in constant demand. She held parlor meetings, gave addresses on her work in Persia, laid plans for her return to that country, and even did some teaching and executive work. Her health continued to fail, however, and after a painful illness, she died July 26, 1864. Her last words to a friend were, "Will you pray?" Her life had been a life of prayer, and it closed with prayer.

It was said by one who knew her well, "She seemed to me the nearest approach I ever saw, in man or woman, to my ideal of our blessed Saviour, as he appeared in his walks on earth."

Something of Miss Fiske herself we see in the following extract from a letter which she wrote to a niece:

"Whatever Providence gives you to do, do it with all your heart. If you are a housekeeper, keep house well,

if you are sewing, sew well. . . . Dwell as little as possible on a person's faults: speak of them less than you think of them, and let them never hinder you from imitating what is truly excellent."

One of Miss Fiske's Nestorian pupils wrote to Mrs. Fiske:

"When you see on the right hand of the Redeemer a band of Nestorian girls, brought there by the influence of your daughter, you will not regret the sacrifice you have made."

She then adds:

"Is there another Miss Fiske in your country?"

CHAPTER X: JULY

There is no more fundamental, and perhaps no more difficult problem facing the youth of America than that of learning to understand, appreciate, and live in peace with persons and groups of different races and different religions. With that fact in mind the material for the month has been selected to include stories of a Jewish youth, a Roman Catholic, an Italian, a Negro, and a Slav. The use of this material should broaden the sympathies of the pupils and tend to prevent and break down prejudice.

CHAPTER X

JULY

July: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE

I "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."
II HYMN: "Fling Out The Banner."
III The Twenty-third Psalm
IV THE LORD'S PRAYER (*In unison*)
V HYMN: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations."
VI STORY

A JEWISH YOUTH DISCOVERS AMERICA

Over in a little town in central Europe a little Jewish boy one day begged a coin from his mother that he might have his fortune told. When the coin was surrendered the wise bird pulled out a little envelope for the boy. Inside was a message saying that he was destined to go to America.

From that day forward Edward A. Steiner thought and dreamed about America. Several times he even attempted to start for the land of his dreams, but each time he was discovered and returned to his home. The years passed and finally the dream became a reality. When the actual parting from friends came, however, home looked lots more attractive than it ever had before; and when the lad became seasick on the boat he wished many times that he had never undertaken such a strange adventure. As a

steerage passenger he was landed at Ellis Island and put through all of the tests to which other immigrants are subjected.

When Edward was finally admitted to New York City, he spent his first five cents for a strange fruit called bananas. He didn't like them, however, for, never having seen bananas before, he ate them with the skins on. Some one took him to a lodging house, where he paid for a night's lodging and breakfast. That took every bit of money that he possessed, and the next day he started out to make his way in the land of his dreams. All day long he walked the streets trying to find something to do. He didn't get a job, and he didn't have any food all day long. The only thing he found free was ice water. In the evening he remembered an address which had been given to him. He had no car fare, so he walked eighty blocks to the place where he was given food and shelter.

His impressions of his first day in America were as follows: that ice water was free; that there were no soldiers in the streets; that there were few policemen; that a saloon was a drinking place, and that there were many of them; that, however much Americans might like bananas, to a civilized European they were tough on the outside and mushy within; and that, in America, "God helps those who help themselves."

Finally Edward found a job in a New York sweat shop, and, although the work was hard and unpleasant, he began to earn real money. The next week he was fired. He found another place where he worked for a month and then he was told that his services were no longer needed. He tried other jobs, with slight success, so he determined to leave New York. He took a ferry to New Jersey and then bought a railroad ticket as far as his

money would take him. He slept on the platform of the freight-house that night. The next day he was again looking for a job. He finally found one on a farm.

The following years were years of many distresses, many sorts of jobs, and experiences of almost every sort including sickness and despair and happiness. In the meantime Edward learned English. He came to know some fine Jewish people, and some fine Christian people. At last, after much struggle, for it meant cutting himself off from many of his dearest friends, he decided to become a Christian. The way opened for him to go to school. He attended a theological seminary, and became a Christian minister. For years he taught in a Christian college, his chair being known as the Chair of Applied Christianity. He has made many trips back and forth in the steerage. He is constantly in demand as a speaker. He is spending his life in the effort to help Americans of many sorts to understand each other. He is well fitted to do just that, because he knows so many kinds of people and knows life so thoroughly with all of the hardships and difficulties which newcomers meet when they arrive in America and try to establish themselves here. He has written many books telling of his own experience and of those of others. If you have not read them already, some day you will want to do so. They will tell you better than I can in these few moments how a little Jewish boy, born in Austro-Hungary, discovered America and from the most humble places has worked his way until he has become one of our best-known and best-loved American citizens.

VII PRAYER (*By leader*)
VIII BENEDICTION

July: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

IN HIS BROTHER'S PLACE

In the year 1840 over in Europe near the city of Louvain a Belgian boy was born. He grew up in the Roman Catholic Church, and when he was nineteen years of age his father took him to visit his brother who was studying to become a priest. Young Joseph was left there to dine and visit with his brother while the father went on to a neighboring town. To Joseph it seemed that the opportunity had now come to do what he had long wanted to do, namely to begin his preparation for the priesthood. When the father returned to take Joseph home, the lad pleaded that he be permitted to remain behind. He argued that he had long wanted to take the step and that by taking it in this way all of the pain of farewells would be done away. The father finally gave his reluctant consent and returned home without Joseph. Later, after everything was arranged, Joseph did have an opportunity to return home and bid his mother farewell.

Joseph's brother was eager to go as a missionary to the South Sea Islands, and arrangements were made for him to go. At the last moment he was stricken with a fever and forbidden to undertake such an enterprise. Joseph went to his stricken brother and agreed to go in his place if he could be accepted. Sending a letter, although he was not supposed to do so without the knowledge of his superior, he offered himself and begged that he might be sent in his brother's place.

When Joseph finally received word that he had been accepted, he jumped and ran about for joy.

Joseph worked on a number of different islands in the Pacific for several years. One day he heard the bishop lamenting the fact that he had no one to send to the leper settlement at Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands.

With characteristic impetuosity Joseph said, "If you will allow it, I will gladly go to Molokai and labor for the lepers there, whose wretched state has often made my heart bleed."

His offer was accepted and that very day, without any farewells, he embarked on a cattle boat for Molokai. When he first stepped foot on the island, he said, "Now Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work."

Joseph, now known as "Father Damien," found things in pretty bad shape. There were eighty lepers in the hospital, and more living up the valley in rude huts. Some of them had nothing but branches to protect them. Father Damien himself was forced to live under the protection of a tree for several weeks before he could provide a home.

He found that they had no fit water supply, that the food was bad, that the people were dirty, that they lacked not only food but even medicine and bandages with which to dress their sores, and that the moral conditions were about as bad as one could imagine.

Father Damien set himself the task of improving these conditions. All the water that the lepers had, they were obliged to carry on their shoulders from a gulch some distance away. Father Damien learned that at the end of a valley there was a natural reservoir of fresh water. He set out with several companions to explore. They found that the water was clear and cold and that it was eighteen

feet deep. He did not rest then until he had secured pipe and, with the help of all the lepers who were able to work, had succeeded in piping the water down to the settlement. After that there was a never-failing supply of fresh water.

Father Damien ministered to the lepers personally, wrapping up their sores and doing other menial tasks. With his own hands he helped construct a church for them, and he preached the gospel to them. He also established schools and industries. Naturally he was continually burying some of his people, for they were always dying. With his own hands he often dug their graves.

After ten years of this ministry Father Damien himself became afflicted with the terrible disease. After that he was able to begin his sermons, "We lepers." Five years later he died.

When people sympathized with him he used to say, "I would not be cured, if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

July: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "When Wilt Thou Save the People."

A LAD FROM ITALY

Over in a little town in southern Italy there was born some years ago a baby boy. They named him "Constantino"—"Constantine" we would call it. The entire name was Constantine M. Panunzio. There was great rejoicing when Constantine was born, not so much because a new baby had arrived, as because that baby was a boy who would carry on the family traditions, and the family name.

The plan for Constantine's life was made before he

was old enough to know anything about it, even the girl whom he was to marry was selected. The fond parents and grandparents, little realized how difficult it would be to make Constantine fit into that plan.

Home discipline was rather severe in Constantine's home, but for the most part the family was a happy one. One day when his parents were away Constantine discovered a book of Bible stories and read some of them. He was very deeply impressed with them, particularly the story of Jesus' resurrection. He did not dare to tell his parents that he had read the book. Constantine did not receive much religious instruction, but some of the annual religious festivals, notably Christmas, were very impressively observed.

In the narrow country of Italy one cannot live very far from the sea. For Constantine the sea and the ships which he saw on it had an irresistible fascination. Even his kindergarten books were covered with pictures of ships, and before very long he used to run away from home and school at every opportunity and go down to the harbor to play by the water's edge, or on the ships themselves. For this he was severely punished, but the fascination could not be broken. Even at night, he dreamed of ships. Before very long he was taking a small boat for short trips out into the sea.

Since Constantine was more interested in ships than he was in his lessons, his father took him out of school and put him to work, first in a foundry, then in a soap factory, then in a blacksmith's shop, then in a cobbler's shop, and finally in an electric light plant. It was while Constantine was at work in the soap factory, making soap to be shipped to the United States, that he first conceived the idea of sometime visiting this country.

The plan still was for Constantine to become, first a priest, then a teacher, and finally a statesman. By the time Constantine was thirteen years old, however, his parents were convinced that the plan wouldn't work and they gave their permission for him to go to sea, and on the fifth of April, 1898, a boat raised anchor in that little south Italian harbor, set her sails to a favoring breeze, and sailed out into the deep with Constantine on board. At last his dream had come true.

For several years Constantine sailed. Finally he shipped on a boat starting out on a cruise which was to last about two and a half years, including a visit to America. On July 3, 1902, after a sixty-one day voyage across the Atlantic, ending in a terrific storm in which the boat faced destruction and the entire crew death by drowning, the harbor of Boston was reached. Constantine had no idea at the moment of staying in America, when he landed as an Italian sailor with fifty cents in his pocket, with not a word of the English language, without so much as a knowledge of the fact that there were such things as immigration laws, and without a friend in the United States to whom he could turn.

For five weary days Constantine wandered about the streets of Boston, hounded by policemen when he tried to rest and otherwise made miserable. At last he found a lodging and then a "peek and shuvle" job which was the only work open to Italians, although Constantine had never used a pick or a shovel before.

The story of Constantine is a long and interesting one. Some day you must read it in one of the books which he has since written, entitled, "The Soul of An Immigrant." It leads through many hard jobs up into the Maine woods where he worked and suffered at a task of which he knew

nothing, to employers who cheated him out of his pay and mistreated him in other ways. It tells how he learned the English language, how he finally fell in with kindly folk, and how he again went to school, until he had a thorough American education including a college training.

The little boy from southern Italy finally became the pastor of an Italian church in America, where he rendered a great service to his people, and since he has taught as instructor and professor in a number of our best colleges, including Columbia University. He has studied immigration at first hand, and has appeared to give information before one of the important committees of Congress.

Constantine is no longer a little Italian boy. He is a full-fledged American citizen. He is helping to make America what she will be in the future.

July: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Christ For the World We Sing."

A BLACK BOY BUILDS A LIFE

If you had been down in a certain part of Louisiana some miles from New Orleans, about fifty years ago, one summer morning you might have seen an eight-year-old Negro lad in a pair of home-made knee breeches and a blue denim jacket, with long black arms and legs protruding from those primitive garments, emerging from the extended rows of cabins on a large sugar plantation. Across his back was a willow pole at the end of which, slung in a bandana handkerchief, were his entire worldly possessions. By his side was his mother.

You probably would not have guessed, for he certainly

did not, that that lanky black boy, Alexander Camphor, was at that early age starting out on a path which was to lead him to many very high honors. Alexander's father and mother had both been held as slaves on the sugar plantation where Alexander was born and where he lived the first eight years of his life. His father had died of cholera just a few days after his birth. His great-grandmother on his mother's side had been brought in a slave ship directly from the West Coast of Africa. It was said that she was a princess and direct heir to the throne of her tribe. Alex, therefore, was a born prince, even though he did start life in a cabin.

Alex's mother did all that she could for the boy, but she was not able to give him an education, so, when a Negro friend of the family in New Orleans offered to adopt him and send him to school, the offer was accepted.

The path that summer morning lay along the willow-lined levee which followed the winding course of the Mississippi River, and which had been erected to keep that mighty stream from overflowing its banks and doing untold damage to the fertile valleys close at hand. The sun was hot and the path was long; but the longest path has its end, and, after hours of walking, Alex and his mother reached their journey's end, the home of the Rev. Stephen Priestly. From that time forward Alex was to be known as Alexander Priestly Camphor.

Alex was not long in finding his place in his new home. There was work to do and plenty of it. He did the chores, rose in the morning to make the fires and get things ready for breakfast, did errands, cut wood, wheeled coal, made the garden, fed and cared for the chickens, pigs, and cow, and also looked after the small repairs about the place.

He did not mind the work for now he had his long coveted opportunity to go to school.

He did not, however, forget the folks back home, and week after week he would make the long walk along the same levee, back to the sugar plantation with its multiplied rows of cabins. He couldn't stay all night for there was work to be done. A short visit, and he would once more turn back toward New Orleans.

For a time Alex attended school near his new home; then he enrolled in a school away down in the heart of the city. His schooling meant, therefore, getting up early to do the chores, an eight-mile walk to school, a busy day in the schoolroom, an eight-mile walk home, more chores, study in the evening, and then sleep that he might be able to repeat the same routine the following day.

It is a long story of the way Alex kept on with his school work until he had graduated with honors and had become the first Negro teacher ever employed in the very school from which he had graduated; how he later graduated from Gammon Theological Seminary and became a Christian minister; how the call came for him to become a missionary to his own people on the West Coast of Africa; how he spent ten years of fine service as a missionary to Liberia; how he served for ten years as president of an important school for Negroes in the South; and how he was then given the great honor of being elected Missionary Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Africa.

He was special representative of the United States Government in Liberia; he received honors from universities; he twice crossed the ocean in the face of submarines; he

worked among the Negro troops in France; and he laid down his life in service for his people.

Many people had fine things to say about Alexander Camphor. One man of his own race said, "I knew him from childhood up, and I never heard an unclean word from his mouth." A cultured eastern woman said of him, after his death, "He was the most Christ-like man I ever knew."

Could any finer honors have come to that black and lanky Negro lad, who looked so peculiar with his ill-fitting clothes and his bandana-covered package slung across a pole, as he started out to meet the world? It's another proof of the fact that you can't judge the worth of a man by the way he chances to appear on the outside.

July: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Where Cross The Crowded Ways of Life."

A SLAV IN AMERICA

Into a little village in one of the Slavic countries of eastern Europe there came one day a stranger. Now from that particular village no one had ever come to America, and no one in it knew much about this country. The stranger, therefore, had a great time telling about the wonderful things that were to be found here. He said that all of the people, who come to America become rich; that gold was to be found just two feet under ground, so that it was an easy matter to dig, find a chunk of gold, sell it, and become rich; that the people of America were so honest, that, if one were to lose his pocketbook and could remember where he lost it, he could return any time and find it lying just where he had dropped it;

and that, even if there were any poor, the rich people of America were so generous that they gave handfuls of money to any poor person who asked for it.

Now it might be a fine thing if some of the things, which that stranger said, were true about America. Those of us who live here, however, know that they do not quite represent the facts.

Among those who listened with wide open mouths to the exaggerated tales of the traveler was a lad named George. His father had died before he was born; his brothers and sisters had died before he could remember; and his mother had died while he was still a boy. He had lived alone in the old hut where the rats made him afraid to stay inside and the stories of spirits and ghosts kept him from venturing out after dark. His life had been a miserable one. If the stories which he had heard about America were true, it was surely the most desirable place in the world for him to be. He began to think and talk about it with his young men friends, and the talk resulted in the actual starting out of a group of them to the "land of promise" of which they had heard. They were the first ones from their little village ever to decide upon so long a journey. They went to the railroad station; but they missed their train and had to wait a week for the next one to come along. At last, after a long overland journey and three weeks on the ocean they reached New York.

Having heard so many nice things about the people in America, they did everything that was told them. When they purchased anything they opened their purses and let the people take anything they wanted in pay, never suspecting that anyone would be dishonest with them. Thus

they paid as high as a dollar and a half for two sandwiches, a banana, and little else.

They got on a train for Philadelphia and a man came along and laid two red apples on each seat. They began to eat the apples, very happy that Americans were treating them so well. Then the man came back and demanded money for the apples. They opened their pocket books and the man took the biggest coins he could find. Finally he took a ten dollar and a five dollar gold piece from one purse. Then the boys knew they were being robbed. They went after the man, but the train slowed down and he got off. Finally they got the ten dollar gold piece back, but they lost all the rest. That changed everything. Now they knew that they had been deceived. Americans were dishonest thieves.

The boys found work in a steel mill in Pennsylvania, but then the mill shut down and they were soon reduced almost to the point of starvation. Thirty-nine workers huddled in one house; there were no beds, no fire except in a kitchen stove, and no lights except two kerosene lamps for the use of thirty-nine men. One of the group died from cold and hunger; his body lay on the floor several days before it could be buried. Two were blind from hunger for three weeks.

George suffered with the rest. He bought a ten cent loaf of bread, brought it home, cut a slice almost as thin as a postcard, and then went out into the woods to spend the day so that he would not be tempted to eat anything more until night. All day his mind was on his bread. He gathered some left-over ears of corn in the field and some decaying apples.

When it came to cooking, there were complications. Each one of the thirty-nine men had his kettle, and they

all wanted to cook at the same time on the small stove. George's kettle was a rusty tomato can.

That was a terrible winter. When spring came George got work. Finally he met some people who tried to help him. They were Christians. George is still in America. Now he is an American. He has learned that America is not all good nor all bad. He has attended school, and now he is trying to make this country a better place in which to live by giving his whole time to work among the many Slavs in this country. His children are American citizens. They probably will not have to go through the things which their father suffered. They are native Americans, eligible to any position or office in the land, just as truly as are the descendants of those who came over to America in the Mayflower three centuries ago that they might have more freedom and better opportunities than they had in their native lands.

CHAPTER XI: AUGUST

In view of the fact that August is distinctly a vacation month and that programs of work are often interrupted as a result, little effort has been made to relate definitely the programs of the various Sundays to each other. The leader is left free to select, rearrange, and adjust the materials as may seem best suited to the local needs.

CHAPTER XI

AUGUST

August: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE

I INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

II LEADER: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

III HYMN: "My God, I thank Thee."

IV PRAYER

V HYMN: "Immortal Love, Forever Full."

VI STORY:

THE FASTEST BICYCLE RIDER IN THE WORLD

Ion Keith-Falconer was the fastest bicycle rider in the world.

It was in the days when bicycles were just coming into use. The low "two-wheelers" of the present with a sprocket gear had not yet come into use. They were still using the great high bicycle with a large front wheel and a small rear wheel. Keith-Falconer, himself, used to ride one so high that he sometimes had to use a chair to mount it, and that in spite of the fact that he was six feet and three inches tall when he was nineteen years old. He had one monster wheel that he called the Leviathan, and the

tall fellow cut quite a figure as he sped along the country roads with this huge affair.

He began to ride a bicycle while he was still in preparatory school. He went to Cambridge when he was eighteen and the following spring won a fifty-mile race for his school. Two years later he won a four-mile race in what was then the fastest time on record. The next year he was elected president of the London Bicycle Club. That year he broke two world records. The next year he gained the title of short-distance champion, and the same year beat John Keen, the world's professional champion by five yards in a five-mile race.

In preparation for this race he quit smoking altogether, he rose early to breathe fresh air before breakfast, he went to bed every night before ten o'clock, and he took plenty of exercise in the open air. After this training he rode the first mile in two minutes and fifty-nine seconds; the second mile in three minutes and one second; the third in three minutes and seven seconds; the fourth in three minutes and twelve seconds; and the fifth in two minutes and fifty-two and two-fifths seconds. The time was by far the fastest on record up to that date.

Of this experience he wrote in a letter to a friend: "The excitement was something indescribable. Such a neck-and-neck race was never heard of. The pace for the last mile was terrific, as the time shows, and when it was over I felt as fit and comfortable as ever I felt in my life. And even when the race was going on I thought actually that we were going slowly and that the time would be bad, and the reason was I was in such beautiful condition. I did not perspire or 'blow' from end to end, The people here are enchanted about it; so it is gratifying to me to think that, notwithstanding my other work and

other business, I can yet beat, with positive ease and comfort, the fastest rider in the world.

"I am bound to say that smoking is bad—bad for the wind and general condition."

The following year he beat Keen again by three inches in a two-mile race and broke another record. Three days later he made a new world record in a twenty-mile race. One day he rode one hundred and fifty miles between dawn and dark, when that was a great feat. In thirteen days he rode from the southwestern corner of England to the northeastern corner of Scotland.

You may imagine that Keith-Falconer rode bicycles all his life, but he had other interests. He took up shorthand, and became one of the very best shorthand writers. Not only that but he became such an authority upon shorthand that he wrote the article on "Shorthand" for the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Then he took up Hebrew and mastered it so thoroughly that he could easily write letters in Hebrew. Then he took up Arabic and became an authority upon the subject, even becoming a professor of Arabic.

But all of that did not satisfy Keith-Falconer. He had been a Christian since childhood and his landlady for nine years in Cambridge said that he seemed to have no other aim in life but to help those who were in need. That included his fellow-students who were in difficulties or who were falling before temptation and also many others entirely outside the student group.

With a good job, many friends, and lots of money Keith-Falconer might have been content, but he was not. He decided to become a foreign missionary and at his own expense. Because of his knowledge of Arabic he chose to work among the Mohammedans of southern Arabia.

He closed his last address at home with the famous words: "While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field."

He left a palatial home in Scotland for the hardships of a foreign mission field in days when those hardships were even greater than they are today. He had begun a wonderful work, when, at the age of thirty-one death overtook him. He thoroughly enjoyed living, but he had no regrets for the choice which he had made. The story of the life and death of this great bicycle rider and Christian hero has made the world richer and a better place in which to live.

VII HYMN: "O Zion Haste."
VIII BENEDICTION

August: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Dare To Be Brave."

GETTING RID OF THE "IFS"

One of the hardest words to get around in the world is a word of only two letters, i—f. A lot of good things would happen in the world, were it not for the little word, "if." It is always keeping us from being at our very best, and it excuses us from many duties.

"I would have been at Sunday school, 'if' I had gotten up on time." "I could easily have had good grades in school, 'if' I had only studied." "I would go to college, 'if' I had the money." "I would do big things in the world, 'if' I had a chance."

Those are the kinds of things which young people are often heard to say. They are always finding an excuse for doing less than they might, and the excuse seems always to be tied up with the word, "if."

Everything considered, however, "if" is a pretty small word for a strong young person to hide behind. It really doesn't get us anywhere at all. In most cases we could really get rid of the "ifs," were we to set out to try to do so. Why didn't you get up on time? Then you would have been at Sunday school, without any excuse. Why didn't you study a little harder? Then you would have had good grades. Why don't you earn the money? Then you won't have to stay away from college. Why don't you make your own chance? Then you can do big things in the world.

The people, who do things worth while and who are remembered after they are gone, are the ones who, for the most part, get rid of the "ifs" in life. There are plenty of times in life when we are tempted to build a fence of "ifs" and lie down in its shade. It often takes courage to throw the "ifs" away and go right forward as though they were not there at all. I could tell you of many people who have done just that, but I have time to tell you of only one.

Some years ago there lived, on an island just off the coast of England, a girl named Grace. All her life she had lived by the sea, and now her father was the keeper of the light in the light-house, and Grace lived with him.

One night there was a terrible storm, and a boat was wrecked on the rocks near the light-house. In the darkness of the night, Grace heard cries and screams. The first rays of the morning sun revealed to Grace that the wrecked boat was still clinging to the rocks and that there

were people on it. The wind was still wildly tossing the sea.

Now rarely has anyone had so big an "if" to hide behind as had Grace that morning. Of course she and her father would have gone to help the poor people on board —"if" the sea had not been so rough. That is what she might have said, but she didn't. She forgot all about the "ifs," and, urging her father, who realized that they were facing almost certain death, she helped launch the boat and then pulled one oar while her father pulled the other one. It was a heavy boat and the rowing was terrible. It seemed as though they would never reach the wreck, but they did. There with great strength and skill Grace held the boat while her father helped the exhausted survivors to climb into the boat. Almost by miracle they all reached the light-house in safety. There Grace became an efficient and hard-working nurse, nursing the victims back to health and strength.

All that happened many years ago, but the name of Grace Darling has never been forgotten. Her body lies buried in a little church-yard not far from her old home, and many people go long distances to visit it each year. It is marked by a modest monument upon which is carved the figure of a woman lying at rest, holding a boat's oar in her right hand. It is in memory of the girl, who was too brave to hide behind an "if."

August: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Take My Life, And Let It Be."

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I am sure that some of you when you were small read that remarkably interesting book, "Alice In Wonder-

land." If you did you will remember that Alice on one occasion said to the cat, "Which way do I go from here?"

"It doesn't matter much," said the cat.

"Oh, but I want to get somewhere," cried Alice.

"You're sure to do that, if you keep on walking," replied the cat.

Perhaps you never stopped to think just how much good sense there is in that, for of course the cat was right. If Alice kept on going she was bound to get somewhere.

In that respect Alice was just like all of us here today. We are all on the road to somewhere and we are absolutely certain to arrive. The most important question in the world for us, however, is, "Just where are we going to arrive?" We shall arrive somewhere whether we plan to or not, but we are much more likely to arrive where we want to arrive, if we lay some pretty definite plans.

Some boys and girls go to school as long as they feel like it, and then, because they want some money, they take the first job that comes along. After a while they discover that it doesn't lead anywhere in particular. They look around, and find it is too late for them to go on with their schooling or to do the thing which they really ought to be doing.

In order to avoid mistakes like that, boys and girls have to be continually finding out what they ought to do next in order to get where they ought to get, rather than just somewhere. It is quite a study, and no one can decide the matter for another. He must always decide for himself. There aren't any paths which everyone can take and be sure that they are all right, because we are all so different. I want to suggest a few things that may help.

Every boy and girl ought to begin to ask himself or

herself, before he has gone very far, "What do I really want to do?"

That's sometimes a puzzler. I mean to decide what you would like to do all through life as your life work. There are lots of things that you might like to do for a short time, but you might get rather tired of them over a series of years. What would you really like to do? What would you like to make of yourself?

Then there is another question, "What am I fitted to do?"

We can't get away from the fact that we are all different, and that there are some things that we can do far better than others. It's fine to overcome obstacles, but there may be some things which it is so hard for us to do that it would be almost a waste of time for us to try to do them. I might want to be a great singer, but, if I did not have any voice for singing, it would seem foolish for me to give up my life to the attempt to learn to sing. I might improve my voice to be sure, but I could never bring much enjoyment to the world by using it. On the other hand, if I did have an exceptionally fine voice, the training of it would yield large returns. Some people have unusual ability for singing, some for painting pictures, some for public speaking, some for business, some for other things. We can't always tell just what we can do until we try, but we should undertake to find out the special abilities which God has given us. They may guide us in discovering which way we ought to go, and what we ought to become.

A third question which ought to be raised is, "What does the world need most?"

Suppose that you had special ability as a dressmaker, but that there were already many more dressmakers in

the world than were needed, while there was a very great need for school teachers. That very need for teachers might make it your duty to prepare for teaching, even though you would prefer to make dresses. If the world greatly needs teachers, ministers, missionaries or some other kind of workers, that very fact makes it the duty of some one to enter those very callings. We can never decide rightly what we ought to become until we have looked about us to discover just what the world needs most.

There is always a fourth question, "What duties have I right at hand, from which I must not run away?"

I knew of a young man who wanted to do many things in the world, but the thing he did do was to spend the best part of his life at home caring for his parents on the old home place.

Even when we are still in school we may often ask ourselves some of these four questions. They may help us really to arrive where we ought to arrive, rather than to wake up some day and find that we have been traveling up a blind alley because we had no plan.

August: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "A Charge To Keep I Have."

A BAD START

A bad start is—a *bad* start. It's just the opposite of a good start, and usually there isn't much to be said for it. In too many cases it means that the journey will be bad all the way along. Sometimes, however, things turn out different from that. I want to tell you this morning of a boy who got a bad start, but, who, in spite of that fact, became a great man.

This boy was born just about three hundred years ago near the town of Bedford, England, and he was named John—John Bunyan it was in full.

John's father was a tinker. Now, possibly you do not know what a tinker is. There aren't so many tinkers around as there used to be; but, in those days, tinkers went around from house to house mending pots and kettles and doing other like jobs. John went to school a little, but, while he was still a young lad, he was obliged to help his father work.

John's home was a very humble one for a tinker was at the very bottom of the ladder in society. The worst of it was that John had some very rough playmates, and he associated with some rather rough men. Even as a small boy he learned to curse and swear and lie, and he bore the reputation of being the worst one in the crowd in those respects. Even then, however, his conscience troubled him and he knew that he ought not to do the things he was doing.

In addition to all his other bad habits was a general habit of recklessness. Twice he was nearly drowned in escapades, and once, when out in the field with some boys, he struck a poisonous adder with a stick until it was stunned and then he forced open its mouth and with his bare fingers plucked out its sting. Later he served as a soldier. One day as he was about to start into action, another soldier in his company asked to go in John's place. He went and was shot dead, while John remained unhurt.

All of this happened before he was twenty. Then a great event came into his life for he fell in love with and married a girl whose father had been a very religious man. The girl was as poor as John was. When they started out to make a home they didn't have so much as

a dish or a spoon between them. They did have two books on the Christian religion which the girl had inherited from her father. These proved to be more valuable than all the household furniture they could have had, for they turned John Bunyan's thought toward religion. He read the books, and then he began to go to church. He didn't give up his swearing or his other bad habits, however.

One day he was standing in front of a shop window cursing and swearing. A woman heard him, and although she wasn't a very good woman herself, she told Bunyan that he ought to be ashamed of himself to use such vile language. She told him that his language was bad enough to spoil all the boys in the town.

That lecture really made John Bunyan ashamed of himself, and from that time forward he never used profane language. He had thought that he couldn't talk without swearing, but he found that he could talk better than ever. He began to read the Bible and to do as it told him to do. Gradually Bunyan's religion became more real to him and he became a genuine Christian. He had many temptations, and sometimes he was quite discouraged, but he kept trying.

About this time Bunyan's wife died leaving him four children to care for. One of them was a little blind girl of whom the father was very fond. Then his pastor died, and the people in the church asked him to speak to them. He was very modest about it, but that was the beginning of his preaching. The more he preached, the better he preached. After he had been preaching five years laws were passed forbidding him and other preachers like him to preach. He believed in obeying the law; but,

this time, he felt that he had to obey God rather than men. He was arrested and put into prison. His friends tried to get him out, but they did not succeed. For twelve years he remained in the Bedford jail. There he worked to try to support his family, and he also read and wrote. He spent much time watching a spider, and he had a flower of which he was very fond and about which he wrote verses.

The most important thing that he wrote and the thing which has made him famous for nearly three centuries around the world was "Pilgrim's Progress." This book which tells the story of the Christian life has been translated into all the languages of Europe, most of those of Asia and even into the dialects of the natives of the South Sea Islands. The name of John Bunyan is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, and his book has probably influenced more people in their religious life than any other book ever written except the Bible.

John Bunyan's fame spread even during his life time, and after he finally got out of jail, great crowds came out to hear him preach whenever he came to London.

From the standpoint of his influence over people John Bunyan is one of the most remarkable individuals, who ever lived in England. From all over the world visitors still go to Bedford, where they can see the chair in which he sat, the door of the jail in which he was so long confined, and many of the things which were connected with his life in one way or another.

So do people do honor to the wandering tinker, who got such a bad start, but who finally found the right path.

August: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Faith of Our Fathers."

WE ARE INDEBTED TO HIM

In the fall of the year 1483 (November 11) a baby boy was born in the home of a poor mine laborer living among the foothills of the Harz Mountains of Saxony in Europe. Few people would have been inclined to prophecy great things for a boy born under such humble circumstances; but it is one of the fascinating things about babies that they give no indication of the remarkable deeds which they may perform later. No one so much as guessed that the baby, born in the Luther home and named Martin, would make his name immortal in church history.

In this miner's home Martin Luther grew up. His parents were very strict with him, but they gave him the best education which they could afford. They loved their boy, but they were determined that, at all costs, he should learn to obey, and he did.

At the age of twenty Martin Luther got hold, one day, of a Latin New Testament. That was a great day in his life. Never before had he had such a book. It opened up a new world to him—a world of which he had never dreamed.

Two years later another important event occurred. On July 2, 1505, Luther was returning to school after a short vacation. A fierce storm arose, and suddenly a terrible flash of lightning darted from the heavens before his eyes. Trembling with fear, he fell to the earth. "Help, Anna! beloved saint," he cried. "I will be a monk."

After it was all over Luther repented having made such a hasty vow, but he felt that he must keep his word. In two weeks he called his friends together to bid them farewell. They entreated him, but it was to no purpose. "Today you see me," said he, "but never again."

The next day he entered the convent which he thought was to receive him forever. In 1507 he was made a priest, and then for the first time since he had entered the convent he saw his father.

Four years later Luther was sent to Rome on business for the church. He approached Rome with great awe and reverence, but he was greatly shocked by some of the wickedness which he saw there. He returned to the convent, and there for six years more he remained as a teacher of theology. By this time he was thirty-four years of age.

It was about this time that St. Peter's Church at Rome was building, and one of the methods of raising money was for the church to sell "indulgences" or licenses for sin. Luther saw the wickedness of this scheme, and he could not keep silent, no more than could Jesus when he saw the money-changers desecrating the temple.

Accordingly, on October 31, 1517, the eve of All Saints Day, Luther passed through the streets of Wittenberg and nailed 95 theses to the door of the church. He then passed in to service as he had done so many times before. He didn't realize that he was starting a movement that would affect the history of the whole world. He simply knew that he must protest against what he thought to be a great evil.

The news of Luther's words spread like wildfire and soon reached Rome. Luther was ordered to take back all

that he had said, but he refused to do so. Instead he spoke and preached as he had opportunity.

Finally Luther was summoned to appear before a tribunal of the Roman Catholic Church in Worms. A great man has said, "Luther's appearance at Worms is the very finest scene in modern European history." Again Luther was ordered to take back what he had said, and again he refused. All his life he had been getting ready for this great moment, and when it came he proved equal to the occasion. Courageously defying the greatest power that the world then knew he declared, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. So help me, God."

Luther had started out to reform the church, but instead he was turned out of it. After that he spent a long life carrying on the work of the Reformation out of which our Protestant churches have come. When he died quietly in the midst of his family many years later, his wife and children lost a loving husband and father, his associates a most sympathetic friend, and the modern world its greatest reformer.

On the walls of one of the great museums in Berlin are six great frescoes representing the development of civilization. The last of these represents the Reformation. In it are included Raphael, Michael Angelo, Copernicus, Columbus, Shakespeare, John Huss, Calvin, Melanchthon, and many others. In the center of the group, however, and towering above them all stands the figure of Luther—the central figure in one of the greatest periods of all history.

The world will ever be the better because more than four hundred years ago a baby boy was born in a poor miner's cabin in Saxony.

CHAPTER XII: SEPTEMBER

The stories for September center about the lives of some of the religious heroes of America of whom many of our young people are largely ignorant. They should give the boys and girls a higher regard for their religious heritage in America and also strengthen their desires for Christian service.

CHAPTER XII

SEPTEMBER

September: First Sunday

ORDER OF SERVICE

I INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
II HYMN: "Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart."
III THE BEATITUDES (*In unison*)
IV HYMN: "O Come, All Ye Faithful."
V PRAYER
VI HYMN: "O Beautiful For Spacious Skies."
VII STORY:

AN APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS

From the time Columbus first reached the shores of America—and for centuries before for that matter—the Indians have played an important part in the history of America. To read our early records one might imagine that for many years our principal business was the shooting of Indians and the driving of other Indians from their homes in order that we might have the land which they possessed. The story is one of which we have no occasion to be proud. It is a chapter in our history which we would like to forget. It is not surprising that one of those who tells the story of our dealings with the Indians should label her book, "A Century of Dishonor."

This morning, however, we will forget that side of the story, and recall instead a little of the opposite side.

In the year 1604 there was born in England in the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Eliot a baby boy whom they gave the very common name of John. That was sixteen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock John Eliot grew up in England and attended school there. When he became a young man, however, he decided to come to the new land of America. Through the influence of a good man he had already decided to become a Christian minister. Soon after coming to America he became pastor of a church in the small settlement of Roxbury, Massachusetts. The rest of his long life was spent there. It wasn't a very conspicuous place from which to gain fame and John Eliot was not a man who cared about fame or thought much about it. He probably never would have imagined that two or three centuries after he lived and died we would still be interested in his story. The reason we are interested is because John Eliot did the very simple thing—but a thing which we often forget to do—of looking about him to see what was needed right close at hand and then, without any fuss, going out to meet that need.

When John Eliot settled in Roxbury and began to look about him he saw Indians—ignorant, dirty, degraded, and very needy Indians. He was greatly impressed, but he saw that if he was to do much worth while for them he must be able to speak their language. So John Eliot began to study. It was slow business; there weren't any books or grammars and there were no skilled teachers. Patience, however, will remove mountains, and, after fifteen years, Eliot was able to preach his first sermon in the Indian language. Already he had won the hearts of the common Indians, and his influence among them

was very strong, although some of the sachems and pagan priests opposed him.

Having succeeded in converting a considerable number of Indians Eliot conceived the idea of organizing these Christian Indians into settlements. At one time he had as many as 3600 "praying Indians" in these settlements. Even the government became interested in the project and set aside 6000 acres of land for their use. In these settlements Eliot taught the truths of Christianity and also the art of building, raising crops, making clothes, constructing bridges, and the like.

He had not gone very far until he felt the need of a Bible in the Indian language. He began a translation and in 1663 he had the satisfaction of finishing and having printed the first Indian Bible ever published. In fact it was the first Bible of any sort ever published in America, for, up to that time, all the Bibles used here had been imported from Europe. There are several copies of this Bible of Eliot's still in existence. One copy sold some time ago for about $3000. The longest word in this Bible occurs in Mark 1 :40, *"Wutappesittukqussunnoohwehtunquoh."* It contains thirty-three letters and means, "kneeling-down-to-him."

Eliot also translated and printed the catechism and prepared an Indian grammar. At the close of this latter book which involved an almost endless amount of labor he wrote, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."

Eliot had a very attractive personality and a kindly disposition. He was always giving something away, sometimes to the great distress of his friends. One day the treasurer paid Eliot his salary money and tied it up in a handkerchief so that he would not be able to give

any of it away before he reached his home. On the way Eliot visited a poor Indian family, and, not being able to untie the knots in his handkerchief, he gave them his entire pay.

He lived to be eighty-six years of age. When he became so old that he could no longer go out to preach to the Indians, he persuaded several families to send him regularly their Negro servants, that he might instruct them in the truths of Christianity.

Even in his own day Eliot was known as the "Apostle to the Indians." As such we remember him today and also as the man who said, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."

It would be fine if we could say that the task which Eliot began so long ago was completed, but there still remain about 50,000 pagan Indians within our borders for whom no church, either Catholic or Protestant, is making any provision. It is one of the unfinished jobs which some young people of the rising generation will have to undertake and carry through to completion.

VIII PRAYER

IX BENEDICTION: "Father, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise."
(*Sung by school or school choir*)

September: Second Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory."

A MARTYR IN A GOOD CAUSE

Some of you may have seen that remarkable motion picture, "The Covered Wagon." If so, you know how, long before railroads were built, thousands of immigrant

wagons crossed the plains and the mountains beyond. I wonder if you ever stopped to think who took the first wagon across, or if you knew that it was a home missionary who accomplished that remarkable feat. At any rate such was the case and the man who did the job was Marcus Whitman.

Marcus Whitman was born in the year 1802. He went to school and finally to medical college and became a doctor. He was already engaged in his practice when he heard the remarkable story of the Nez Perce Indians who traveled two thousand miles on foot from the Northwest to St. Louis in search of the "White Man's Book of Heaven." This story, which was widely reported throughout the East at about this time, stirred the imagination of Dr. Marcus Whitman as it did of many others and he volunteered to go to the Northwest as a missionary to the Indians.

There were several very good reasons why Whitman should not undertake so hazardous an enterprise. He was not physically strong; he had a good future in prospect in his profession; he was in love with a beautiful girl who loved him. The West held everything that was forbidding in those days. A wagon had never crossed the Rocky Mountains, and the possibility of carrying any household goods across was indeed a dubious one. To take a woman into that wild country was far from a pleasing prospect. There was no mail service, and the only possible way for a letter to reach his proposed field of service was for it to be carried by a chance vessel around South America and up the west coast.

These prospects, however, did not discourage Whitman, nor the girl who was to be his wife. They were married and their wedding journey began on the Atlantic seaboard

and ended at the site of what is now Walla Walla in the State of Washington, on the opposite side of the continent. It lasted five months—one of the most remarkable wedding journeys ever taken. Remarkable for many reasons, it is historically interesting in that this was the first time that a wagon was ever taken across the Rockies.

Arrived at their scenes of labor, the Whitmans began their ministry to the Indians, and were rewarded with considerable success. For years Whitman gave himself to healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, improving the country, and spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ. He made notable trips to Washington, braving great dangers, and had considerable influence in making possible the securing of this important Oregon Country for the United States.

Then a strange thing happened. Unfriendly Indians, incited by enemies of the mission, fell upon the missionaries and Dr. and Mrs. Whtiman laid down their lives for their work and the Indians whom they loved. They were true martyrs and of the sort of which we may well be proud. They attempted big things, and, though their mission ended in disaster, they served nobly both their country and their God.

September: Third Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "God of Our Fathers."

IN SPITE OF HANDICAPS

One of the Americans about whom every boy and girl should learn is Stephen A. Paxson. He never amassed a fortune; he never became President of the United States; he never wrote a great book; but he left the im-

press of his life upon a very important section of America.

Stephen A. Paxson was born in the year 1808. While he was still a small boy his father died and he was bound out to a farmer. One condition of the contract was that the boy should have three months in school each winter. All through the long, lonely summer months Stephen worked in the fields, ran barefoot over briery hills to bring home the cows, and did all the work required of him. All the while he was dreaming about the opportunity to go to school which was to be his.

Summer and fall passed, and the first day of school arrived. Stephen was to have an opportunity to learn to read—but fate plays many strange tricks. Stephen had an impediment in his speech, and the excitement of that first day in school produced such a state of nervous trepidation that, when he was questioned by the teacher, he found himself unable to talk. The children laughed, the teacher was unsympathetic, and Stephen went home in disgrace.

That was the beginning and the end of Stephen's schooling, but it was not the end of his troubles. Not long afterward he was attacked by a disease which weakened him and left him permanently lame. Poor, lame, stuttering Stephen found himself handicapped at the very beginning of life. In spite of these handicaps he learned a trade, won a beautiful girl for his wife, and established a home in a small town in Illinois.

Although kind-hearted, Stephen had grown into a rough swearing workman, with little use either for the church or for religion. As a matter of fact the church didn't bother him much in that frontier town, but finally a missionary coming through the country organized a

Sunday school. The school was never a great success from the standpoint of numbers and the workers were often on the point of abandoning the whole proposition.

One Sunday the superintendent said: "We are sadly in need of new pupils. Let every pupil here try to bring a new pupil next Sunday."

Now, among those present that day was little Mary Paxson, the daughter of Stephen. Mary's teacher emphasized what the superintendent had said, and curly-headed Mary promised to do her best to bring a new pupil the following Sunday.

Mary took her promise quite seriously, and all the week long she looked for some one to take to Sunday school, but to no avail. Sunday morning came, and about that time a bright idea came to Mary. It was nothing less than getting her father to go to Sunday school with her.

Going up to him she said: "Papa, you'll have to go to Sunday school with me today, for I promised to bring some one, and no one else will go."

Now, Stephen Paxson loved his little girl, but he didn't want to go to Sunday school. It was, to say the least, "out of his line." He had never attended a Sunday school.

Finally, to please Mary he agreed to walk with her as far as the place of meeting. When he got there, however, she insisted that he must go inside, and he yielded. There was some suppressed excitement in the little school that day when Stephen Paxson entered. Every one knew him, and that is why they were so much surprised. They tried to act natural, however, and treated the newcomer with the utmost consideration, even giving him a class to teach.

To cut the story short, Mr. Paxson continued to at-

tend the school and he was finally converted in it. The genuineness of that conversion was evidenced by the fact that almost immediately he became eager to get out into other places round about and organize Sunday schools where there were none.

Mr. Paxson had already learned to read, and, in spite of his lameness, he was quite a good walker. He could also sing well, but when he tried to talk he stuttered. He could not, therefore, speak in public. This became the burden of his life, and he prayed earnestly to God about it. Suddenly, as if by accident, he discovered that, by filling his lungs full of air before he began to speak, his nerves seemed to relax. He practiced diligently, and before very long he could speak easily and fluently.

This triumph, following his conversion, led to the entire, though gradual, rearrangement of his life plans. Beginning in a small way close at hand, he soon was given all his time to Sunday-school missionary work. The country was new, and the need was very great. The achievements of the man and the energy with which he worked were almost past belief. No community was too inaccessible for him to find, no path too difficult for him to follow, and no stream too dangerous for him to ford.

For forty years he traveled on foot and on horseback through Illinois and Missouri, calling in the homes of the lonely, distributing Bibles and other Christian literature, preaching, and establishing Sunday schools. During those years he organized 1314 new Sunday schools, into which he gathered 83,405 pupils and teachers. The name of Stephen A. Paxson became a household word in thousands of homes and he was the means of the conversion of large numbers of people. Many of his Sun-

day schools grew into churches, and they are still carrying on the good work which he began.

So well known was he that even the story of the death of his old horse, appropriately called "Robert Raikes" was heralded in the newspapers and religious press throughout the country. Dwight L. Moody used to say that Stephen A. Paxson was "the greatest home missionary America ever produced." Surely there has been no other to compare with him in his particular type of work.

Before his death Mr. Paxson said: "I would rather a little Sunday-school child would drop a tear of regret and gratitude upon my grave than to have the proudest monument that it is in the power of man to raise."

He had more than he asked. Children who loved him thronged the house to get a glimpse of his face before he was laid away. When the news of his death was announced, boys and girls from many Sunday schools brought their offerings that the sculptor might chisel a monument to the memory of this "Apostle to the Children" who began life under so many handicaps and yet who triumphed over them all in a great life of unselfish service.

September: Fourth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

PIONEERING IN AMERICA

America is so young a nation that there are some persons still living who have played an important part in the great westward expansion of the country, and others who have been dead but a few years. Sheldon Jackson is one of this latter group. His story is worth knowing.

Sheldon Jackson was born in New York State in 1834.

His parents sent him to school; and, in due time he faced the question which every young person must face sooner or later, namely, what was he to do with his life?

He finally answered the question by saying that he was going to be a foreign missionary. The fates were against him in that particular plan, however, for when, just before he reached his twenty-fourth birthday, he applied for appointment as a foreign missionary to Siam, his application was rejected on the ground that he was not physically fit to undertake the work. Possibly if his examiners could have foreseen the hardships which he was later to endure the verdict might have been different. If it had been favorable America might have lost one of her great men.

Denied the privilege of going to Siam, Jackson became a missionary in what was then known as "Indian Territory." He was assigned to a field, but he was too big a man for any one place. He kept reaching out further and further, always eager to preach the gospel in the new places where it had never been preached before. He made a trip of exploration into Minnesota and there he finally settled. His commission named two towns and then added the words "and vicinity." Jackson interpreted that to mean every community which he could reach. Walking, riding, preaching, organizing churches and countless other activities filled his days. He organized the first Presbyterian churches in Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Arizona.

His diary contains brief passages, which tell of the great physical hardships which he endured as he carried on his work in this frontier field. They give us some idea of the courage, determination, and energy of the man who was considered too weak to do foreign missionary

work. All over the West he traveled. So vast were the distances covered by him that a humorist once called him the "Bishop of All Outdoors." Often in danger, sleeping on the ground, eating whatever he could find, this hero seemed never to weary. Like Daniel Boone he wanted to keep just a little ahead of civilization. It was this which made Alaska appeal to him so strongly. In 1877 he could withstand the call no longer, and he started for Alaska where his real lifework began.

The more than thirty years which Jackson spent in Alaska, preaching the gospel and trying to make Alaska a better place in which to live, are full of countless fascinating stories and incidents. He established schools for the natives; he built churches; he conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer into Alaska, and he made that idea a reality. That alone is a monument worthy of a great man.

In 1897 his church recognized him by making him Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, although he was almost too busy with his plans for Alaska to think of it as an honor. In 1909 he completed his labors.

Sheldon Jackson was so short of stature and so slight of body that few who saw him would expect great deeds from him, yet so effectively did he work that, whatever the future of our great West and of Alaska may be, it will always bear the marks of this Christian hero and statesman. Well did he earn the titles which were given to him, "Bishop of All Outdoors" and "Pathfinder of Alaska."

September: Fifth Sunday

SUGGESTED HYMN: "Far And Near The Fields Are Teeming."

A MAN WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD

Did you ever notice how many Methodist churches are named "Asbury" and did you ever wonder why?

If you are a Methodist you already know the answer, if not, you ought to know, and I want to tell you. They are named after Francis Asbury the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church ordained in the United States and the man who more than any one else helped to spread Methodism over America.

Usually when we think about foreign missionaries we think about people going out from the United States to preach the gospel in other countries. Francis Asbury was a foreign missionary from England to America arriving here October 27, 1771. When he arrived the first Methodist Church in America had just been completed and in all America there were only 316 Methodists. Before he died 45 years later he had personally ordained more than 4000 Methodist ministers and, largely through his own efforts, Methodist churches were scattered over most of the country.

As a traveler Francis Asbury has had few equals. In his missionary work in the United States he traveled a distance equal to about ten trips around the world. That alone wouldn't be so wonderful now, but he did his traveling before the days of railroads—most of it on horseback or on foot. He never married lest he might be tempted to stay at home and thus neglect his work. Instead he literally lived on the road. You have heard

of the remarkable story written by Edward Everett Hale entitled, "The Man Without a Country." Asbury had a country, for he adopted the United States as his own, but he was literally a "man without a home." When a bishop in England wanted to address a letter to Asbury he was obliged to address it "The Rev. Bishop Asbury, North America."

Once a stranger met Asbury and abruptly inquired, "Where are you from?"

"From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or almost any place you please," replied Asbury.

"I am always on the wing," he said once, "but it is for God."

When he came to America he hired no lodging place. He made no arrangements for board; he simply set out upon the long road; and when death overtook him, forty-five years later he was still traveling.

On a typical trip he left New York City; proceeded to Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Alexandria, Petersburg, and Norfolk; thence down into North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; returning again through South Carolina and North Carolina he went over the mountains to Tennessee and then into the wilderness of Kentucky; crossing the Alleghany Mountains he traveled through Virginia and Pennsylvania and then made his way through the New England States, returning to New York by way of Albany. The trip took him practically a year, and by that time he was about ready for another one.

Not only were there bad roads and hazardous trails but also many grave dangers. He was chased by wolves; his horse fell; he crossed the Potomac in an open boat; he got lost in the swamps of South Carolina; ruffians tried

to kill him; a bullet grazed his head as he rode through the forest; but still he kept on riding for forty-five years. He went into New York State more than fifty times; New Jersey over sixty; Pennsylvania seventy-eight; Maryland eighty; North Carolina sixty-three; South Carolina forty-six; Virginia eighty-four; Tennessee twenty; Georgia twenty; Massachusetts twenty-three; and other states and territories with similar frequency.

Although Francis Asbury was always a poor man and always giving himself for others he was very generous with the money which did come into his possession. His work was ended by his death which occurred in Virginia in 1816. Perhaps that isn't quite the way to say it, for his work is still going on through the great Methodist Church to whose growth and organization in America Francis Asbury contributed more by his arduous labors than any other individual before or since.

THE END

This Book

DAYS

A fine S will be charged for each day the Bo time.

4-1-68			

L. B. Cat. No. 1137.2

6
STOWELL, JAY S. 268.6 Sto
MORE STORY - WORSHIP PROGRAMS
DATE | ISSUED TO
268.6

SALVATION ARMY CFOT CHICAGO
36065700253405